

The TATLER

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London, April 23, 1930

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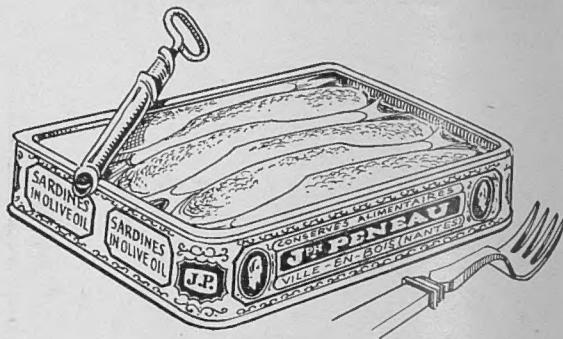
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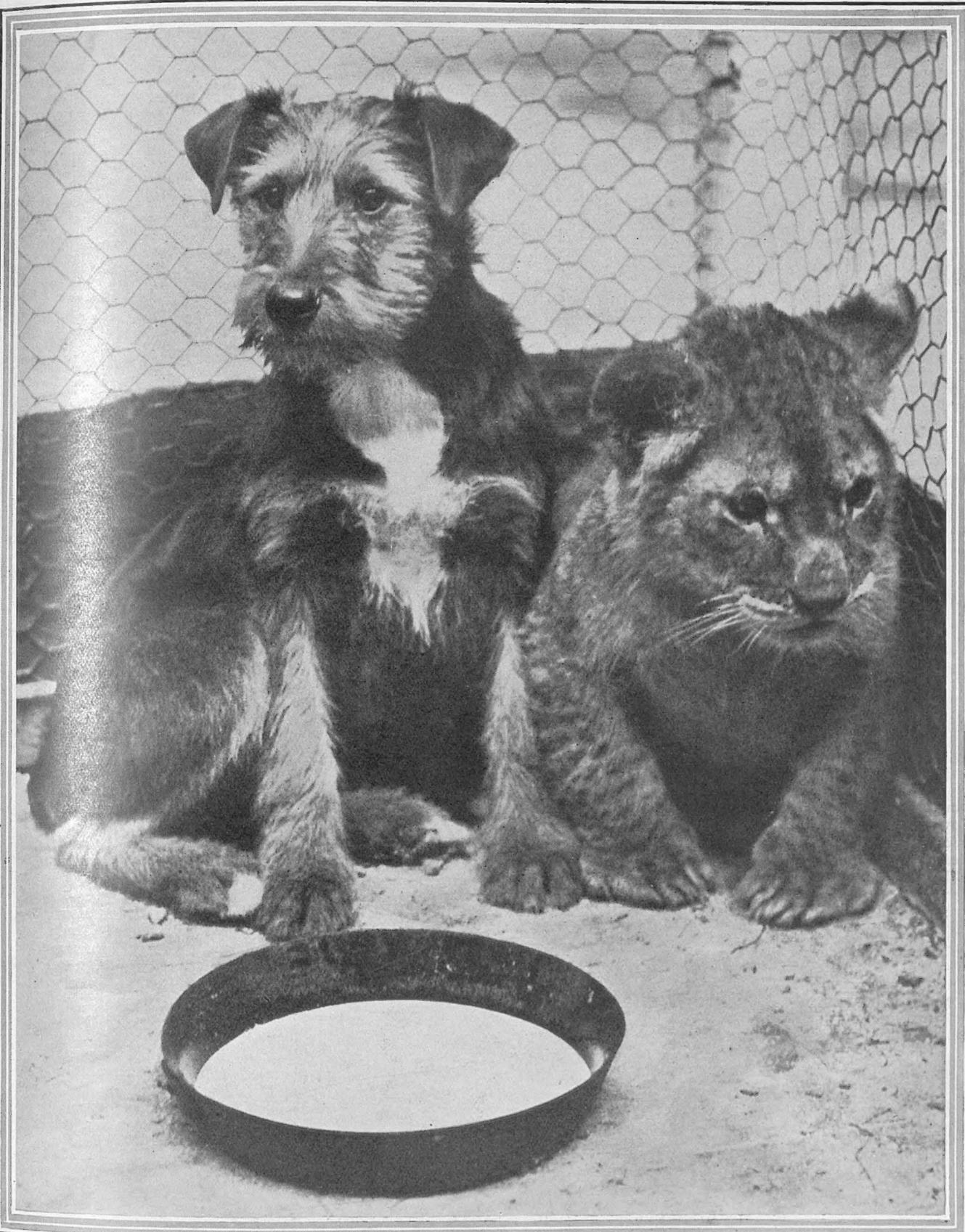
The TATLER

Vol. CXVI. No. 1504

London, April 23, 1930

POSTAGE: Inland 2d.; Canada and
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Price One Shilling.



"EAST IS EAST—AND WEST IS WEST AND . . ."

The two do manage to meet sometimes. These two, "Jolly" the terrier, and "Speedway" the lion cub, picked the Crystal Palace for their meeting-place. "Speedway" lost his mother when he was three months old, and was so forlorn that his life was despaired of. "Jolly" then adopted him and was so kind to him that he decided to live. Now "there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth." They are inseparable



MR. RICHARD COTTERELL AND LADY LETTICE LYGON

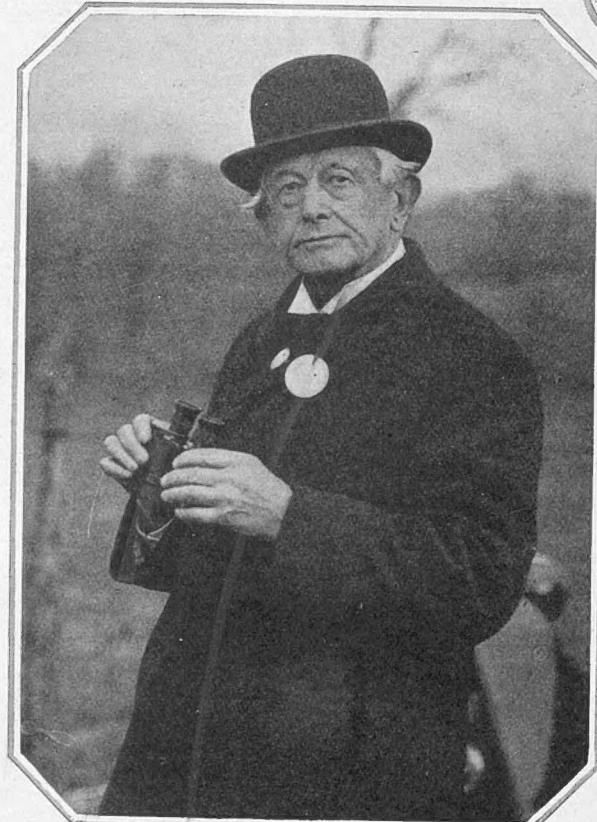
Who are to be married in London very shortly. Lady Lettice Lygon is the eldest of Lord and Lady Beauchamp's four daughters, and the bridegroom elect, who is a subaltern in the Blues, is the only son of Sir John Cottrell, Bt. Lady Evelyn Cottrell, Mr. Richard Cottrell's mother, died in 1922, and was a daughter of the late Duke of Richmond

DEAREST,—Now it is St. George's Day, Easter is past and over, and we are faced with all the heralds of the approaching season. The road-menders of course have been in possession for some time already, and in another week or two the general blocking process ought to be well in hand. Then on Monday next we have the double event of the start of Epsom's three-day spring meeting, which brings almost the first serious flat racing of the year, and the opening of the opera season at Covent Garden with *Die Meistersinger*. As Bruno Walter will conduct, and Rudolf Laubenthal, Friedrich Schorr, and Lotte Lehmann will sing in the three chief parts, it is pretty safe to prophesy that the house will be sold out.

* * *

Two other fixtures, both charity affairs, for the beginning of next week are the Looking-Glass Ball and the Ice Carnival and Gymkana. The first is on Monday, and in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the other, organized by Mrs. Cochran for the National Council of Girls' Clubs, is on Tuesday, and also at Grosvenor House. Mr. Cochran's three best stars, George Metaxa, Peggy Wood, and Maisie Gay, and Nelson Keys, are all going to do their bit.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.



LORD DANESFORT AT THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT
This always popular fixture was held in the Whaddon Chase country at Kimble, where as in the rest of their domain, there are plenty of obstacles which want jumping. Lord Danesfort was for many years a member of the General Council of the Bar

The Letters of Eve



SIR LIONEL AND LADY EARLE

Snapshotted on their arrival in New York on the S.S. "Majestic." Sir Lionel Earle is Permanent Secretary to H.M.'s Office of Works, and he and Lady Earle are making a stay of, it is said, indefinite duration in America

Thus Burlington House is dethroned from its erstwhile proud position in providing the first function of the season, since they both come before the private view and the May Day opening. Perhaps it is just as well this year, considering that we shall all, unavoidably, feel a little let-down when we see the new show and remember the last one! And some of us were given a very pleasant reminder of it the other day at the Pageant of Italian Pictures organized by Lady Birkenhead and Miss Olga Lynn for the Lying-In Hospital. In the words of Mr. Shane Leslie's prologue "we show the bright impression that they left in mind, but stay enchanted but bereft." A special vote of appreciation and thanks is due to Mr. Leslie, who not only announced each group of pictures, with some diffidence in the pronunciation of the Italian names, but who filled up the unavoidably long pauses with his bright remarks.

* * *

On the whole I thought the whole long programme was amazingly well done. Far better than one imagined that it could be. The nearest to the originals were undoubtedly the Angel of the Annunciation, posed by Lady Moira Combe, and

Mategna's St. George, done by Mrs. Arthur James, who seems to have been special endowed by Providence to look well in armour. She certainly looked lovelier than the original, but as every other detail of armour and background was so perfectly reproduced, her copy was as near as it possibly could be. I never discovered, by the way, who it was that painted all the backgrounds, but they were wonderfully well done. And so were many of the dresses.

It is hard, not to say invidious, to make comparisons among so many beauties, but I think that Miss Valerie French as the Crevelli Madonna was quite the loveliest of all. I think she should have been given a solo appearance, even though the length of the programme and the long pauses for setting-up and posing only allowed of two or three like Mrs. James's St. George, Lady Lavery's Circe, and Lady Diana Cooper's very lovely representation of the Madonna by an unknown Tuscan, the only item for which the curtain was allowed to rise and fall more than once. Others who were very specially good were Lady Patricia Moore as the Domenichino St. Celilia, Mrs. Henry Mond, who really improved, with her slim, bronzed body, on Verrochio's statue of David, and Lady Cynthia Asquith as the Vivarini Madonna. And considering the small space, Mrs. Fred Lawson's group of Tiepolo's "Finding of Moses" was very good indeed.

And now for the audience, from whom Lady Alexander and her helpers extracted countless five shillings by selling them programmes, and from whom that very experienced auctioneer, Sir Archie Weigall, extracted



THE HON. ELEANOR HOTHAM, LADY BOYNTON, MISS GURNEY, AND HER SISTER

Another snapshot at the Holderness Point-to-Point. The Hon. Eleanor Hotham is a sister of Lord Hotham, and Lady Boynton the wife of Sir Richard Boynton, Bart. The Holderness drains are very formidable in places, and some who have been into them say deep enough to float a battleship

MR. TOM WEBSTER AND MR. JACK HOBBS

At the really wonderful banquet which Mr. Tom Webster gave at the Ambassador Club, and at which he collected every celebrity in the world of sport. In his most amusing after-dinner speech the host said that Jack Hobbs had always been one of his principal heroes

over a hundred guineas by the sale of an original Lewis Baumer cartoon. There was the Italian Ambassador in one box and Lord Londonderry and one of his young daughters in another. And, I saw, too, Violet Duchess of Rutland and Lady Violet Benson, both there to support Lady Diana



AT THE HOLDERNES POINT-TO-POINT

The Hon. Peter Hotham, who is in K.O.Y.L.I., Lord Hotham, his brother, who is in the Grenadiers, and Captain Bethel, M.F.H. The chases were held at Nunburnholme, East Yorkshire. Captain Bethell and Major Hillas took on as joint masters of the Holderness in 1928, but it is not certain whether they are carrying on next season

Cooper; Lady Juliet Duff, and Mrs. Colefax who, as committee members, had been putting in some hard work to make everything the success it was; Mrs. Rupert Beckett and Mrs. Rupert Guinness, Mr. Cecil Beaton, who had two sisters among the posers to look after, Mrs. Gladstone, and, when their turns were over, the greater number of those taking part in the show.

It was, perhaps, hardly fair to the always delightful Newbury meeting to say, as I did earlier in this letter, that Epsom would bring the first serious flat-racing of the season. For with the Greenham on the one day and the Spring Cup on the other, the spring meeting, provided some very good racing, and attracted an enormous number of people. And, added to

that, the weather was really springlike and glorious. The same people are almost invariably to be found at all race-meetings. There were, for instance, those inseparable sisters Lady Blandford and Lady de Trafford, both in navy blue, and Lady Hillingdon in black and yellow. And, incidentally, their three husbands! And the Carnarvons, whose home meeting this is, since Highclere is only a mile or two away. Lady Carnarvon, faithful to the lightish blue which suits her so well, looked extremely pretty.

I also noticed the tall figure of Mrs. Robert Jenkinson, all in beige, Lord and Lady Rosebery, Lady Sybil Phipps, who does not race much except at meetings in or near her home in the west country, and Miss Sylvia Portman. Then there was Lady Kitty Lambton, Mrs. Dudley Gilroy, whose neat little brown-clad figure was surmounted by a jaunty beige beret, Lady Ilchester, Mrs. Euan Wallace, Lady Warrender, Mrs. Francis Curzon in black with an ermine tail collar, and Lady Curzon of Kedleston. Lady Curzon is one of the long list of patronesses of the matinée in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, to be held at the New Theatre on May 5. The actors and actresses who have promised to contribute to the programme include Mr. George Metaxa and Miss Peggy Wood, who have now passed their 300th performances in *Bitter Sweet*, which looks like running on for months more to come, Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Henry Ainley, Miss Maisie Gay, Mr. Jack

(Continued on p. 146)



AT THE GROVE 'CHASES

Lady Wharncliffe and her children at Bolham, Retford, Notts, where the Grove ran their point-to-point. Lady Wharncliffe is the eldest of Lord Fitzwilliam's daughters. He was Master of the Grove from 1907 to 1926

The Letters of Eve—continued

Hulbert and Miss Cicely Courtneidge, and Miss Gladys Cooper, and Sir Gerald du Maurier. With such a collection of stars the tickets, which can be got from the New Theatre, would be cheap at any price. Besides, one is only too glad to help the actors who are always so ready to help everyone else's pet charities.

Talking of Lady Curzon, a new young relation of hers, Miss Hennessy, is one of the many babies who have had smart christening parties during the last few days. Miss Hennessy is the daughter born to Mr. James Hennessy and his pretty wife, who was Miss Angela Duggan. The infant's grandfather, Sir George Hennessy, is, much to the regret of his Winchester constituents, giving up political life, not for the City as so many others have done, but to take a well-earned rest after his sixteen years of it. However, it is good news to hear that Mr. Duff Cooper will be the candidate for his seat. He (Sir George) means to live an out-of-door life and travel a good deal. I saw him the other day lunching at the Ritz with his mother, Lady James Douglas, who has now achieved the extra distinction of great-grandmotherhood to add to that of being the only woman to breed and own a Derby winner. Others I noticed there the same day were the Argentine Minister, Mrs. Roland Cubitt, Sir Brograve and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, and Mrs. John Dennis, who is presenting a niece at one of the May Courts.

A night or two later I dined opposite, at the Berkeley, where crowds of people had come to hear those amazingly clever twin pianists, Fairchild and Lindholm, play together with such perfect synchronization that it is hard to believe they haven't some mechanical device to control them. And they seem to do it as



MR. D. G. A. LOWE

The famous Cambridge and Olympic athlete, who was married on April 14 to Miss Karen Thamsen, daughter of the late Surgeon Einar Thamsen of Copenhagen. Mr. Lowe represented Cambridge for four consecutive seasons in the Inter-University Sports, and was also given a Blue for Association football. In 1927 and 1928 the Championship Committee of the Amateur Athletic Association awarded him the Harvey Memorial Cup. Mr. Lowe was the first man to win the 800 metres in two successive Olympiads

easily with their backs to each other as they did face to face at the Café de Paris. I heard them play Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue with enormous pleasure, which was not entirely due to my mellow state of mind after Ferraro had plied me with such delicacies as Agneau de Paulhac, fresh strawberries, and a very wonderful Rhine wine.

There was a tremendous exodus abroad just before Easter. First one must mention the gallant Duchess of Bedford, whose enterprising flying trip to South Africa the whole world has heard about. Another person to go off on a flying holiday, though less ambitiously, was Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who has been doing a week's tour of Europe as far as Vienna. The calls of business do not allow of his indulging his passion for flying in the way that his sister, the Vicomtesse de Sibour, can do. Many of us have been reading her very interesting record of her air travels. Then Mrs. Ernest Guinness, tired, no doubt, of all the congratulations after the announcement of her daughter's engagement to Lord Ava, has gone to the sea for rest and peace, having joined her husband on their lovely yacht *Fantome*. Another to seek the sea is Mrs. Du Pre, who has been seriously ill, but who has now gone off for a trip in the hopes that she may be well enough to present her youngest daughter, Joy, at one of the later Courts.

Italy seems to have drawn numbers of people for Easter this year, among those who went out there during the week before being Lord and Lady Lloyd, Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham, Lord and Lady Forres, and Lord and Lady Cavan with Miss Daphne Mulholland. Everyone is glad to see Lady Cavan so well again after her very long illness. Then Lord

Carisbrooke has gone to stay with his sister the Queen of Spain; and others who went southward were the Denbighs, who were faithful to the Riviera and made the journey by car, Lady Fitzherbert, who went to Spain also by car and via Pau, the Glentanars, and Mrs. Alfred Bossom.—All my love to you dearest, yours ever, EVE.

In our issue of April 9 we published a photograph of Mrs. Barker and Captain Stanley Wilson, whom we stated were members of a recent house-party for Aintree. We regret to say that this is incorrect, as Mrs. Barker and Captain Wilson were not members of the Duke of Westminster's house-party.



AT THE HURWORTH POINT-TO-POINT

Lord and Lady Southampton and Captain Bagge (centre) at Ingleby Cross, near Northallerton, Yorks. The Hon. Mrs. Vandy Beatty, Lord and Lady Southampton's daughter, won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race on her own horse, *Bubbling Over*—very well ridden

THE

COCHRAN TOUCH!



SERGE LIFAR AND ALICE NIKITINA; (Inset) CONSTANCE CARPENTER



MR. COCHRAN'S "YOUNG LADIES"

The Cochran touch is manifest all through this sparkling 1930 revue at the London Pavilion, and it is as certain as most things can be that no substitute will be wanted till next we have to buy a new calendar. There is beauty and there is charm; there is wit and there is humour; and Lord Berners has provided music which is both apt and original. Nikitina and Serge Lifar, as usual, bring the audience some delightful moments—to say anything further of a complimentary nature about these two wonderful dancers would be to gild the refined gold. Maisie Gay and Ada May are, and as to the latter were, at their very best and most amusing. Ada May had to retire temporarily owing to illness, and Constance Carpenter stepped daintily and efficiently into the breach. Mr. Cochran's "Young Ladies" are, if possible, more entrancing than ever. In the ballet in this picture above the dresses graduate in colour from white to black—a very smart effect

Photographs by Sasha



JAMES GLEASON AND LILYAN TASHMAN IN "PUTTING ON THE KITTY"

A scene from Harry Richman's all-singing and all-talking extravaganza which is being finished, and in which Joan Bennett is the leading lady. Lilyan Tashman was a Ziegfeld Folly before she entered the moving-picture profession, greatly to her profit

AM ashamed to say that it was not until a recent Sunday that I made acquaintance with the work of the Film Society. Even then, owing to the difficulty of getting away from a luncheon-party, I only saw the last half of the programme at the Tivoli, which was M. André Gide's *Voyage au Congo*. The programme's description of this film ran as follows: "The film itself is interesting mainly for its content. The panorama of rivers, forests, villages, and lakes will attract those who have already made some experiments in travel, while the habits and life depicted are quite unlike the daily experiences to which members are accustomed." Contrary to the expectations engendered by the last sentence, the film turned out to consist of a lengthy and rather dull series of mentionable rites and nameable practices. The programme went on to say: "The sequences are seldom as dramatic as the situations would seem to indicate, and in general the film may be regarded as a non-cinematic treatment of material that had clear and in some cases remarkable 'photogenic' quality." In other words, it was just dull, and frankly I got a little tired of M. Gide's mania for photographing undraped ladies from behind. It seems rather a pity that the Film Society's performances should begin as early as half-past two and end as early as half-past four, since that is surely no time at which anybody would wish to be thrown upon the bleak Sunday-afternoon Strand.

Whenever I go to any cinema, the best item, always excepting *Mickey Mouse*, is that supplied by the *British Movietone News*, and I can never understand why it is that we should get so little of it. Take, for example, the budget we had the other day. First there was Miss Betty Nuthall winning some tournament or other from the back-line of some wintry suburban court. I noticed that in this picture Miss Nuthall returned every ball high over the net, and that every one of her first services found that barrier. I was reminded of the carver who, prevented by the guard on the carving-fork from taking off his entire hand at the wrist, remarked, "Damn it, that thing's always in the way!" I suggest this as a contribution to Miss Nuthall's philosophy of tennis. Miss Nuthall was followed by a den-full of wild cats, seventy in number, whose alarms and excursions induced the greatest merriment. Incidentally, this enabled people to know what they mean when they talk of seeing the fur fly. There followed pictures of a fashionable wedding in some unfashionable rain, and a steeplechase by the boys of Bradfield College. Then came a picture of Kaye Don accomplishing a paltry 190 miles an hour between two hunks of seaweed. By the way, I am told that the speed of Segrave's record was such that anybody who should leave the Albert Hall and, at a walking pace, cross the road to the Memorial at the same time that

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

Here and There

Segrave was leaving Piccadilly Circus, would be caught amidships! If Sir Henry is willing to make the experiment so am I, for I have calculated that I should have a good yard to spare. The Movietone concluded with a view of the England v. Scotland match, showing the shooting of every one of the seven goals. It is rather a pity that this last was not done in slow motion as I gathered the impression, doubtless quite wrongly, that the goal-keeping on both sides was not of the first order. I have kept goal myself; I frankly admit, however, that international goal-keepers are not chosen on the ground that they are too clumsy to be played anywhere else. By the way, this seems to me a suitable place to suggest that if anybody would like to take me to one of these exhibitions I am quite willing and will do my best to be an affable companion. This is really an S.O.S., the means whereby one obtains admission to Wembley or Twickenham being so obscure as to have up to now eluded me.

I am persuaded that two of the principal delights of amateur acting are the dressing-up and the smell of grease-paint. As the worst amateur actor who ever appeared in the principal rôle in a play written by himself, I know what I am talking about. The one intolerable thing about amateur acting is, of course, having to look at it; and I always think that Macbeth must have been alluding to the Dunsinane Amateur Dramatic Society when he talked of the deep damnation of such taking-off! However, that is by the way, the real point being how far all acting is not really amateur acting. Say that the play you are performing is *The Three Musketeers*. Now what do you normally see in those three braves who look as if they had just come out of the costumier's via Willie Clarkson? Do you find anything of the sombre dignity of Athos, the intellect and jesuitry of Aramis, the bluff beef-wittedness of Porthos? Or do you merely see three parcels of clothing looking for all the world as though their wearers were Messrs. Winkle, Snodgrass, and Tupman out for the evening after giving their august chief the slip? The point surely is that with a first-class novelist every character is a first-class character, and comes to life as though he were being played by an actor of the first magnitude. Whereas the theatre-manager who is going to cast *The Three Musketeers* cannot, after he has budgeted for D'Artagnan and Richelieu, the Duke of Buckingham and Milady, afford the salaries of three different kinds of Lewis Waller. The foregoing has no reference to the present performance of this piece. But in the film the situation is happier, for there are enough first-class film-actors to go round the secondary parts. And anyhow, whether you pay three or four small-part film-actors £10 a week or £100 must matter less than nothing in a total cost running into hundreds of thousands. The fact remains that one is constantly surprised at the astonishing excellence with which the minor parts in films are often filled. Take the new film at the Palace Theatre entitled *The Queen's Necklace*, which incidentally is a perfect exception to the rule that all costume films are a bit of a bore. Here the small parts are extraordinarily well played, quite the best performance in the whole film being given by the elder and stouter of the two jewellers. This actor's name is not given on the programme, though he is good enough to appear to have stepped straight out of Molière. The second best piece of acting is the impersonation of Marie Antoinette by Mlle. Diana Karenne, who gives one the impression, even the certainty, of knowing how a well-bred woman looks and behaves. The Cardinal de Rohan is excellently played by M. Georges Lannes and the infamous Comtesse de la Motte quite adequately by Mlle. Marcelle Jefferson-Cohn. The film sticks to the story with the greatest possible fidelity, and the usual disservice has been done to it by the public discussion as to whether the whipping scene should or should not be censored.

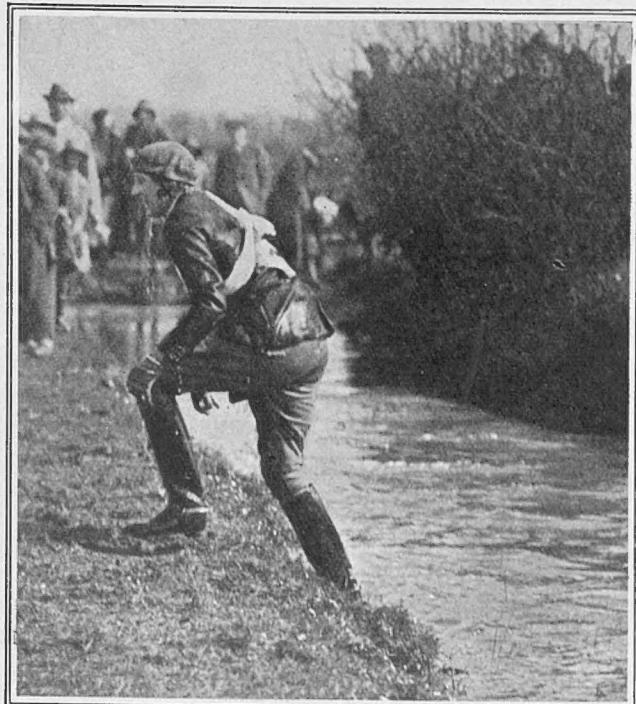
From my point of view *The Queen's Necklace* is a delightful full entertainment throughout, with a good deal in it to please the intelligent and nothing at all for the nit-wits. The film of course loses immensely by having tinned music, though the music in the tin is of good quality. At the same time, whoever agreed to blur the last movement of the "Spring Sonata" by taking it at twice the proper speed ought to be flogged at every performance.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxviii

TRIALS BY WATER



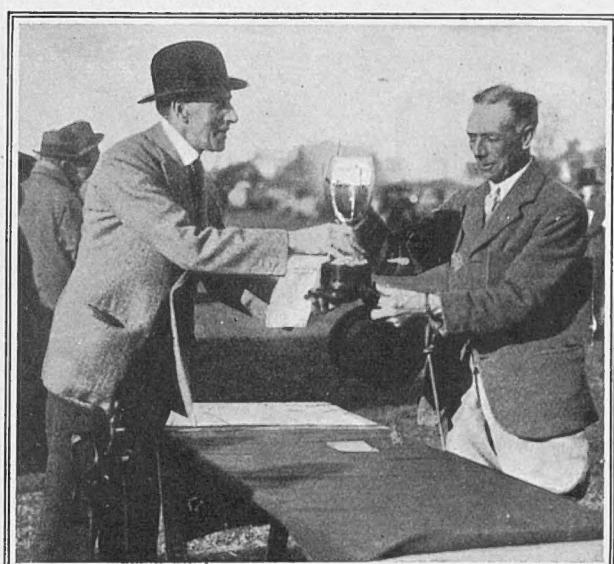
LADY APSLEY AND MRS. WIGNEY (nearest camera) ATTACKING THE WATER JUMP AT THE UNITED HUNTS' HUNTER TRIALS



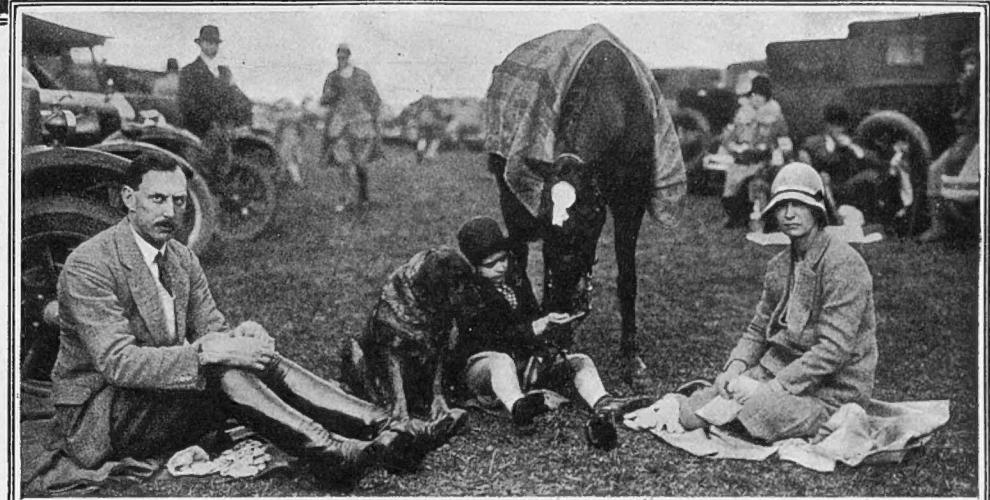
AN UNLUCKY DIP FOR MISS KING-TURNER DURING THE HUNTER TRIALS



SHE TRAVELS THE FASTEST WHO TRAVELS ALONE! MRS. UPTON OF THE OLD BERKS GAINS ON HER HORSE AT THE BROOK



COLONEL A. J. PALMER PRESENTING THE FARMERS' CUP TO MR. H. STEPHENS



CAPTAIN AND MRS. CARLETON-SMITH AND MISS AUDREY HUNT AT LUNCH

At the United Hunts Agricultural Society's Horse and Stock Show held recently at Thornhill near Lechlade, Hunter Trials had a welcome place in the days' proceedings, and the lurking camera was quick to seize its opportunities for the benefit of this page. There was a large feminine entry, and Lady Apsley did a very good round to win in her class. The brook took full toll, particularly of Miss King-Turner, who bore her total immersion with remarkable fortitude. Miss Audrey Hunt rode her good pony, Liberty, in the class for children under ten, and was placed third. With her in the picture on the right is Diggle, the canine point-to-pointer, who entered himself for a race last month and cleared the whole course. Colonel Palmer, D.S.O., who presented the prizes, is President of the United Hunts Agricultural Society.

Photographs by Dennis Moss

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL"

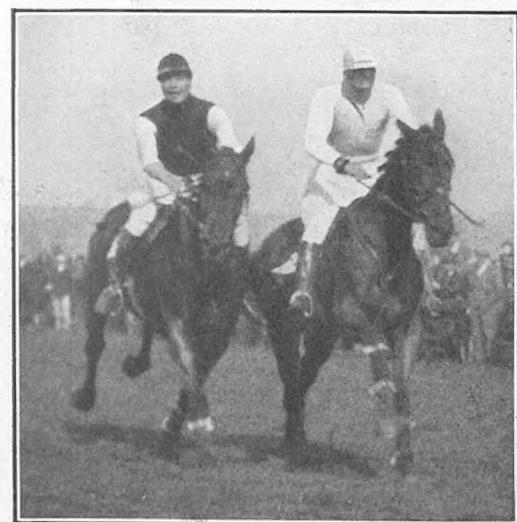
THE sudden death of Lord Dewar on the Friday night, within a few hours of several of his horses running at Newbury came as a great shock to the entire racing world. His kindness and wit were a byword, and as an owner and breeder of the highest type his loss will be immense.

It is not very often that a Newbury meeting is held in fine weather, but this time both days were glorious, the going perfect, and the fields fabulous. Whether it is that such an open winter has enabled everyone to get more animals forward or whether there is a boom in racing, the fields for every race were unwieldy and the stabling on the course taxed to the utmost. Late racing may or may not be a boon at the park courses round London, but Newbury is too far away, and it is a bore not getting back to London till 7 p.m., especially as on last Saturday before the start of summer-time. It made a desperate rush to get any food before going on to the *Co-Optimists*, and made one wish that the management would cut some new rides at the Hippodrome to save late arrivals being such a nuisance to everyone. An exceptionally good show this, by the way. For those who appreciate the pun as a form of wit, Davy Burnaby is the same as ever, and Herbert Mundin and Phyllis Monkman give you a good laugh.

Victor Gilpin's Christopher Robin stood out alone for condition in the Greenham Stakes at Newbury, and running anything but loose he won it comfortably, thus atoning for his unlucky string of seconds last year as a two-year-old.

Golden Dawn, who was running for Lord Dewar a few hours before his death, looked well, and ran fast but appeared not to stay. Blenheim now seems just a nicely turned little horse which has made little or no improvement since last year. The beautifully-bred Diocletian ran well. He is trained by Major Beatty, whose wife has been winning all the point-to-points in the north, having inherited her fine horsemanship from her father, Lord Southampton, one of the finest men to hounds in England.

The two-year-old races produced nothing out of the ordinary so far as one could judge. Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, who hasn't had a good season for some years now, won the Beckhampton with Clove Hitch starting favourite. Since the War, with generally anything over twenty runners, this race has been won every time by a first or second favourite. With the victory of Polesden at Lingfield this makes the Molyneux form pretty good, and Pharian stands out as far the best two-year-old so far seen.



Howard Barrett

AT THE SOUTHWOLD 'CHASES
A close finish between Lord Willoughby de Eresby on Brown Jug and General George Paynter on Hallington, who won. Lord Willoughby de Eresby is the Earl of Ancaster's son and heir

Frank Hartigan is a masterpiece over fences or on the flat, and Golden King, looking beautiful, won the Chieveley at the remarkable price of 100 to 8, Sir Francis Towle's Ophir, which was considered to be walking over, not being in the first three.

Captain "Dick" Gooch is back from abroad, very much better in himself but unable as yet to walk. He was able to see the racing for the first time since his accident from a car on the far side of the course. Marcus Marsh is still assisting him, and in addition has a string of his own, including some of Sir Alfred Butt's. He was largely responsible for the successes of Old Orkney last season, and will no doubt make his mark this year.

Victor Gilpin brought off a nice double with Strongbow in the last race, and though possibly he had nothing to beat he put up a smashing performance. It was all his jockey could do to keep him back within hailing distance of his field, and he was never out of a half-speed.

Roi des Aulnes was bought by Lord Westmorland in France, and after winning a small race with him last year he passed him on. Now fully acclimatized, he showed the handicapper who's which by winning at Liverpool, and then with a ten-pound penalty winning the Thatcham Handicap with another ten pounds in hand. He won with his ears cocked, stays for ever, and might win a Cesarewitch.

One of the first "good things" in a selling race came unstuck with Sir Hugo Cunliffe Owen's Saint Fortunat. On last year's Wokingham running one was entitled to a banco, and from the muteness of the enclosure there must have been few who didn't fall into it. Lord Carnarvon, as usual, had a large party at Highclere, including his winter landlords, Lord and Lady Blandford, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and Mr. Sidney Beer. The Whatcombe horses are not as advanced as usual, and Ut Majeur was their only winner, Michael riding as good a race as he has ever ridden to get him home. As he was backed from sevens to threes, and ran as green as a cabbage, one may assume that this is not the last time he'll get his head in front. One for your notebook, as the racing scribes say, is Copra, a two-year-old who will have great difficulty in not winning a good selling race, and was very noticeably out of luck at Newbury.

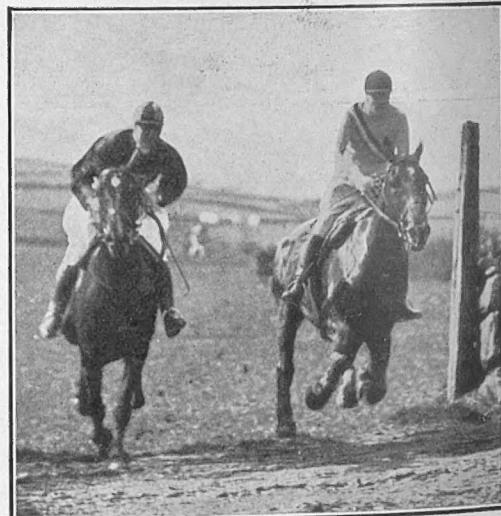
Lampeito was very badly drawn, but Shining Jewel was badly away, and in the end won so cleverly that it is probably a good one.

The Northolt Park Company have erected their own pattern of mechanical fool-proof totalisator for their pony-racing. It is claimed to be by far the most efficient machine.



Ian Smith

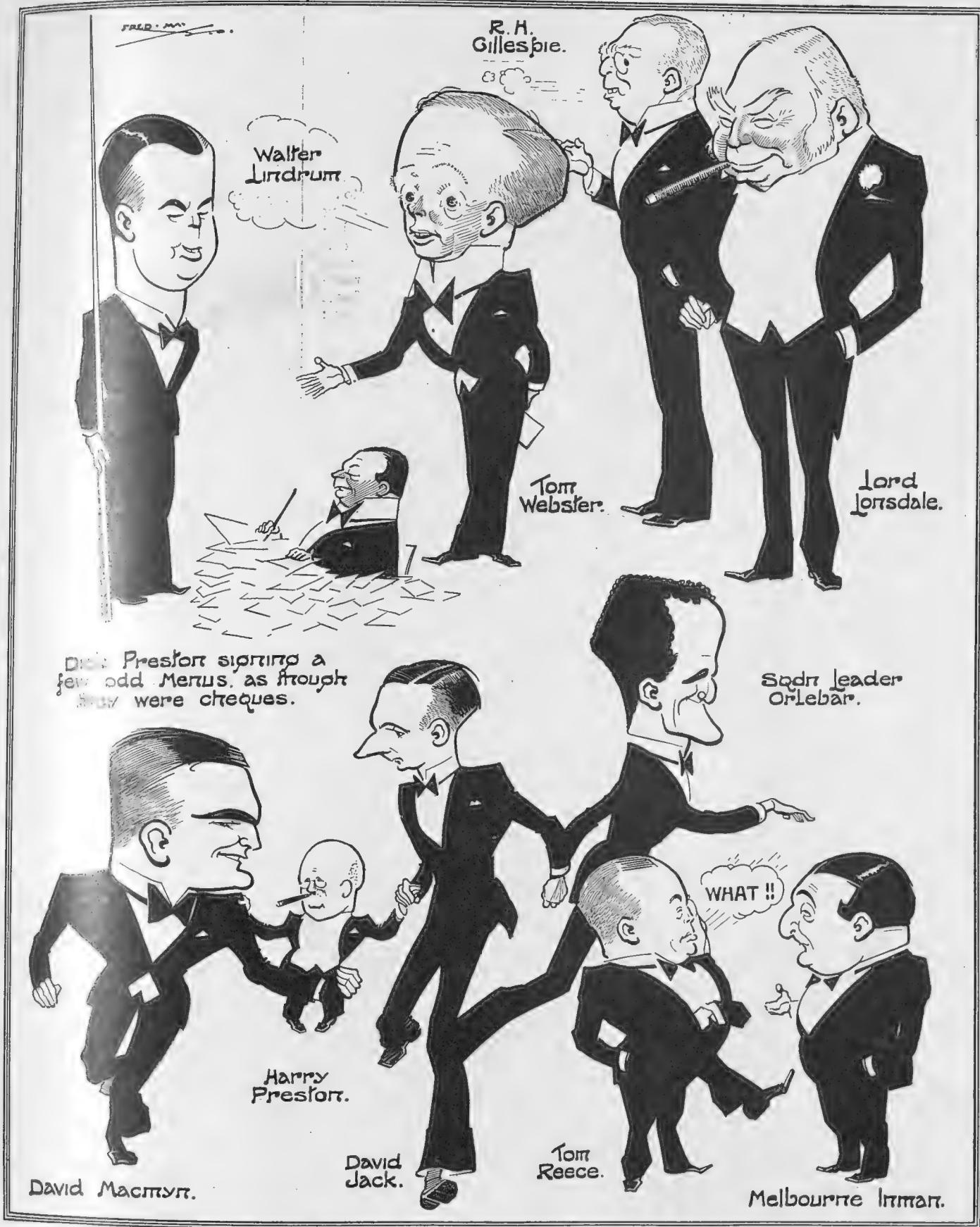
MISS EVELYN COATS AND HER WINNER,
PETIE
At the Fife Hunt Point-to-Point at Balcommo Mains, where Petie won the Adjacent Hunts' Race. The obstacles in the Fife country are mostly stone walls



THROUGH THE EARLY DOOR!

An incident in the Open Hunt Cup at the County Down Staghounds Point-to-Point at Newtownards. Masterpiece (the winner) and Dromar II making a fight of it

TOM WEBSTER'S DINNER



ALL THE CHAMPIONS—BY FRED MAY

Tom Webster's dinner at the Ambassadors Club last week in honour of Walter Lindrum, the Australian Billiard Champion, whose feats in this country have wretched the whole world, was the most remarkable gathering ever convened. With Lord Lonsdale in the chair and Harry Preston at the other end of the table, and the host making a speech which was as witty as his famous cartoons, it would have been strange indeed if it had not been a glittering success. Amongst the celebrities, in addition to Lindrum and the things they represented, were Melbourne Inman, Tom Reece, billiards; Jack Hobbs, cricket; Harry Vardon, golf; Sqntr. Orlebar, flying; Sir Henry Segrave, motoring; H. M. Abrahams, athletics; Bombadier Wells, boxing; Steve Donoghue, racing; David MacMynn (Scottish International), Rugby football; David Jack (England's captain), Association football; J. Beresford (Amateur Sculling Champion of the World), rowing. Among the other guests were Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. R. H. Gillespie representing the stage

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Richard King

Peace With Understanding.

IT is always mildly amusing to ask yourself in an idle hour questions, the answers to which you know won't make the slightest difference to your daily routine; no, not even in the inevitable cold joint every Monday. In which era would you choose to live if you had been given the choice? Which twelve books would you take with you if you were sentenced to six months in the second division and were allowed to read what you liked? What would you do if you could live your life over again, and were reborn as wise as you now may be? If you had to live either in the town or the country, which would be your choice? I always ask myself this last question every spring. And every spring my answer is the country. The same answer is now being given more frequently in the autumn, and even in the winter, so I suppose I must be growing sere and yellowy. I was born and bred in the country, and it seems to me that as one gets older one instinctively turns back to the environment of one's youth. Not the same place necessarily, but something similar. Of course the idea would be to have one toe in London and the rest of the foot in a little house at the far end of a country lane. Still if one were obliged to live in either one or the other for ninety-nine out of every hundred parts of the year, I think on the whole I would bid London adieu. I would miss the concerts, I would miss the theatres, I would miss that exciting feeling of being in the centre of things, whatever they may be, and for the life of you, you can't state exactly what they are! Yet, after all, it would only be a kind of exchange. Instead of looking at thousands of people, mostly plain, I would see thousands of birds and flowers and atmospheric effects, all beautiful. Instead of the theatres I would have the gorgeous pageantry of the seasons. Instead of the shops I would have my garden. Instead of concerts I would have to rest satisfied by hearing them second-hand out of a loud-speaker or on a gramophone record. And after all most pleasures are a series of compromises with the second-best. I should miss the opera, but I should hear the birds, I should miss the lights on the Embankment, but I should have the stars. I should miss the early spring fashions, but I should see the early primrose. I should quite honestly miss the "din" of the main streets, but I should have the melodious peacefulness of the country lanes. I should miss the superficial friendships, but I should find a greater entertainment in myself by myself. And in any case I should have books and the leisure to read them.

* * *

A Beautifully Written Story.

Books as a rule are much more mentally exciting than people—merely as people, that is to say. They can await your mood and so never, as people do, invade your sanctuary just when you most want to be alone in it. Almost always they "talk" to you far more entertainingly than mere acquaintances ever do. You can part company with a thousand people and not be one penny the wiser, nor have been moved to any emotion other than mild boredom, but you rarely read a book which does not

tell you something worth while, or if it doesn't, or if it seems unlikely to—briefly, if it bores you—you can always bring the interview to a premature close without having to lie or to risk being thought rude. Especially if you can pick and choose your books is reading among the finest form of company; that is, after friends or those casual acquaintances which on rare occasions you pick up and within ten minutes



Mabel Robey

BARONESS JENSEN

Whose book, "I Spy," a record of her thrilling experiences while working for the Secret Service, is to be published shortly. The missions Baronee Jensen undertook entailed a variety of impersonations ranging from a housemaid to a duchess, and she was wounded more than once



M. MAURICE ROSTAND

A new portrait of Edmond Rostand's brilliant son. His latest play, "L'Homme Que Jai Tué," had a big success at the Théâtre des Maturins

seem to have known them for half a lifetime. Some weeks, however, I strike nothing but literary dreariness—books written to order, without any "urge" to write them, with no greater ambition than to fill in a few hours of some reader's leisure with that sentimental "blather" mainly associated with the talkies. This week, however, I have "struck lucky." No one came to see me and so I could enjoy them without interruption and without the least desire that someone would happily break in upon my solitude. The books were of that persuasion. I touched beauty and a very moving tenderness in Thornton

Wilder's "The Woman of Andros" (Longmans, 6s.); I "travelled" delightfully with Paul Guiton's beautifully illustrated "Switzerland" (The Medici Press, 7s. 6d.); I was interested and entertained by Margaret Barton and Osbert Sitwell's "Sober Truth" (Duckworth, 12s. 6d.), and I was thoroughly amused by Edith Olivier's "The Triumphant Footman" (Secker, 7s. 6d.). Thus for company and entertainment what more could anybody want, apart from something within hailing distance of the ideal? Indeed, a little later on I should like to read "The Woman of Andros" all over again. It is only a short story, slightly over one hundred pages, but it has all the tenderness, all the beauty, all the curious understanding of life which made "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" so memorable and so lovable. The setting is the Island of Brymos in the Aegean Sea; the period immediately after the great era of Greek civilization had passed away. There are only four main characters—a courtesan from Alexandria who lives in retirement upon the island; her young sister whom she tries to shield from the contamination of her own past life; a young man with whom, however, both sisters fall in love; and the young man's father, who realizes subconsciously that what one does or does not do matters so little in the long run, since life is greatly beauty in frustration. There are other characters, too, but they are merely sketches, though they fit marvellously into the pattern of the tale. Around them the author has created an atmosphere which combines austerity with tenderness. He tells his tale with a simplicity which however is not in the least simple, since it reveals the profounder side of life in touching vividness.

(Continued on p. 154)



Dorothy Wstaeng
MRS. MURRAY CHAPMAN

For whom The Bodley Head are shortly publishing "Across Iceland, the Land of Frost and Fire," an interesting account of a country which is less well known than it deserves



LORD BEAVERBROOK

By Autori

This is not the first "portrait" which the famous opera-singer-artist has done of the enthusiastic champion of the Empire Free Trade movement and it is difficult to say which of the two impressions is the more successful. Lord Beaverbrook's energy in anything and everything he undertakes needs no stressing, and his journalistic successes are only a part of the monuments to his enterprise. As Sir Max Aitken he was "Eye Witness" to the Canadian forces in the War, and the vivid pictures which his unofficial despatches gave us are still fresh in the memory of everyone who lived through those stressful years

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Thoughts from the "Woman of Andros."

"The loneliest associations are those that pretend to intimacy."

"Happy are the associations that have grown out of a fault and a forgiveness."

"The most exhausting of all our adventures is that journey down the long corridors of the mind to the last halls where belief is enthroned."

"The mistakes we make through generosity are less terrible than the gains we acquire through caution."

"True influence over another comes not from a moment's eloquence, nor from any happily chosen word, but from the accumulation of a life-time's thoughts storied up in the eyes."

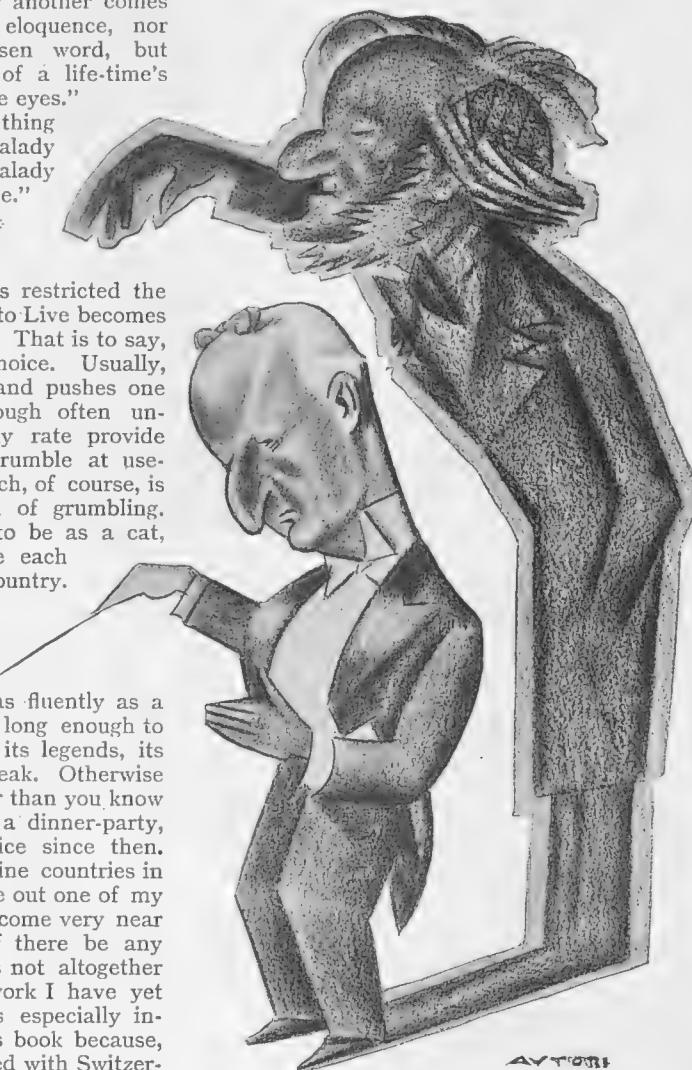
"There is one thing greater than curing a malady and that is accepting a malady and sharing its acceptance."

Western and Southern Switzerland.

Even when the area is restricted the problem of Where to Live becomes an almost insoluble one. That is to say, if you are given the choice. Usually, however, Fate steps in and pushes one somewhere, which, although often unsatisfactory, does at any rate provide one with something to grumble at uselessly for evermore; which, of course, is the most satisfying form of grumbling. Personally I would like to be as a cat, have nine lives, and live each one out in a different country.

For I have long come to the conclusion that you cannot ever really know a country unless

you speak its language as fluently as a native, and remain there long enough to absorb all its traditions, its legends, its unique "genius," so to speak. Otherwise you can know it no better than you know an acquaintance met at a dinner-party, and perhaps once or twice since then. At any rate, among the nine countries in which I should like to live out one of my lives Switzerland would come very near the head of the list. If there be any ugly spot in it which has not altogether to do with man's handiwork I have yet to gaze upon it. I was especially interested in Paul Guiton's book because, so far as I am acquainted with Switzerland, it dealt with at least one portion which I know; not well, perhaps, but better than most other districts. Neuchâtel and Geneva to Ticino—the book embraces some of the loveliest and most interesting places in all that lovely and interesting country. Moreover, as a guide M. Guiton knows just what to tell you without ever labouring his information. The result is that you could comfortably read his delightfully interesting book while actually you are on the spot and yet not lose half-a-day discovering what you ought to do, what you ought to see. Then, after your return, and because you would never have had time to enjoy the great number of illustrations which adorn the book, you could read it a second time by merely glancing through the context and simply revelling in its enchanting photographs. So that I cannot imagine an illustrated guide book which could possibly give greater pleasure to both those who intend to explore Western and Southern Switzerland or those who have already done so. Yes, even those who see no likely chance of ever going there, except as an incarnate spirit. The illustrations are almost like an enchanting journey by themselves.



SIEGFRIED WAGNER AND HIS FATHER'S SHADE

The son of the greatest German composer of all time, according to a great many opinions, who is conducting at the season of Wagner opera at the Scala Theatre, Milan. Frau Wagner (Cosima Liszt) died recently. Wilhelm Richard Wagner was born in 1813, and he died in 1883. It was in 1845 that "Tannhäuser" was produced in Dresden. "The Ring" operas did not see the light till 1869, "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre" being the two first. Siegfried Wagner was originally an architect, but, as was inevitable, music claimed him eventually

really amusing and the fable is never underlined. The result is the most entertaining tale of a footman who had a genius for doing the unexpected thing and getting away with it in triumph. Miss Olivier tells the story admirably. It is certainly one of the most really amusing absurdities which it has been my good fortune to read for months and months. In Alphonse Biskin she has created a character so attractively preposterous that I hope to meet him again, yes, even though this account does leave him married and settled down, which of course is usually the end of a man's more preposterous adventures.

Some Things We do Never Learn at School.

Margaret Barton and Osbert Sitwell have compiled their entertaining book on the assumption that the jolliest bits of history are never included in history books. These estimable but often rather dull volumes usually consist in results of which the causes were the only really illuminating part. Besides, one often lives in a page of future history, merely grumbling at the dull uneventfulness of its subject-matter. Father does not enliven the breakfast-table by poking his nose above the edge of his newspaper to inform the family that there is a revolution going on; he does so to tell them that a woman has been found with her throat cut under the first tree on the left as you enter Hyde Park by Grosvenor Gate, or that a man 8 ft. high has stood on his head in front of the royal Daimler. Whereupon the family are immediately interested; while the news of a riot is only likely to give mother yet another opportunity to tell her first-born to use his napkin and not the back of his hand. Writes Mr. Sitwell in his long preface, perhaps the most entertaining part of all the book: "Assuredly far too much stress has been laid by recent writers upon the materialistic and dry side of the nineteenth century. To the editors of this miscellany it has always appeared, on the contrary, as the most romantic century in recorded history; and it is to remedy the first now widely held misconception of the epoch as comic but dull, and to propagate their own view of it, that these papers are here collected together." And so you have, among others, an account of the Mermaids which were seen off the Coast of Caithness in 1809; of the "comic" Joanna Southcott and her followers; of the queer entry of Louis XVIII into Paris; of the mysterious Caraboo, Princess of Jevasu, who took in so many pompous hostesses; the aspect of the public mind towards Shelley's tragic death; the erection of that absurd structure Fonthill Abbey; the mystery of the "Mary Russell"; the murderers Burke and Hare; the false scandal concerning Lady Flora Hastings; General Tom Thumb; "Jack the Ripper" murders; the history of Lola Montez; the murder of the Duchess de Praslin; that unsolved mystery of the "Hoof-marks in the snow"; the Tichborne case; Brigham Young and his wives; the Dreyfus case; the Druce-Portland case; Louis de Rougemont—briefly all those extraordinary happenings, those unusual people, which figure in no history books but which made the nineteenth century, superficially a dull era, one of the most astonishing of all. "Sober Truth" is thus a most entertaining anthology of the macabre and the queer.

* * * * *
An Amusing Tale.

In "The Triumphant Footman," the authoress of "As Far as Jane's Grandmother" has struck out in a new line and made a real success of that so difficult accomplishment—a "funny book." She calls it a farcical fable, but the farcical side of it is so close to probability as to be

really amusing and the fable is never underlined. The result is the most entertaining tale of a footman who had a genius for doing the unexpected thing and getting away with it in triumph. Miss Olivier tells the story admirably. It is certainly one of the most really amusing absurdities which it has been my good fortune to read for months and months. In Alphonse Biskin she has created a character so attractively preposterous that I hope to meet him again, yes, even though this account does leave him married and settled down, which of course is usually the end of a man's more preposterous adventures.

STEEPLECHASING ASSEMBLAGES



AT THE PORTMAN POINT-TO-POINT RACES AT HIGHER MANSTON

LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY AND
PRINCESS SOFIA DOLGOROUKYLADY HAMBRO AND COLONEL NIXON
SCRUTINIZING THE RUNNERSLADY SHAFTESBURY AND THE HON.
JOHN ASHLEY-COOPERLADY BERNARD GORDON-LENNOX AND
HER SON AT FONTEWELL PARKALSO AT FONTEWELL PARK: MISS PHIPPS-HORNBY
AND LADY BESSBOROUGHMRS. ARCHIBALD SMITH AND THE
DUCHESS OF RICHMOND

The Portman Hunt races, held near Sturminster Newton, did not produce either big fields or any desperately thrilling finishes, but the day was thoroughly enjoyed by a large concourse of onlookers. The Portman Hunt Cup went to Mr. G. March-Phillipps on his Red Girl, and Captain Wynne-Jones, who was second in the race, won the Adjacent Hunts and Service race on his Red Witch. Two popular personalities were first and second respectively in the Members' Heavy-weight, namely Mr. W. W. B. Scott, Joint Master of the Portman, and Major H. Denison-Pender, an ex-Joint Master. The Duke of Hamilton's daughter, who became Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay two months ago, has herself ridden in many point-to-points. Mr. John Ashley-Cooper is Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's younger son. At Fontwell Park 'Chases there was a large family party from Goodwood, including the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox and her younger son, Mr. Alexander Gordon-Lennox, who is in the Senior Service. Lady Bessborough's home, Stansted Park, is near Emsworth

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

The Greatest Air Year



GOING UP!
AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR SEFTON BRANCKER
AND MISS BEATRIX THOMSON

At the Reading Air Pageant, which was held to mark the opening of the new club-house and hangars of the Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Aero Club. Miss Beatrix Thomson is the charming young West-end actress, and Sir Sefton Brancker, as needs hardly be said, the intrepid Director of Civil Aviation

Many Meetings.

APART from America, Great Britain has probably done more harm to the world's cultural development than any other nation. With the sole exception of amateur flying, everything it has touched has turned to legal jargon. It has produced the modern citizen, who is an inanimate, hollow (but still resilient) object bandied between Whitehall and Westminster, a *ball* furiously kicked in different directions by tearing teams of officials and police; it has helped to produce the halo of evil which can now be discerned around that beneficent strong wine which former and wiser rulers ordered to be "poured unto the Lord in the holy place for a drink offering," and it has given it the name "alcoholic liquor," which is in itself a capital offence. Great Britain, in short, is the cosmical anaesthetic which is numbing humanity's capacity for sensual experience. Aviation is almost the only thing which is escaping its effects. Great Britain, again with the exception of America, possesses more private flyers than any other country. Certainly no other country could present a succession of pageants, tours, displays, races, flying parties, aerial at-homes, and competitions like that which is to be presented this season in this country. Excluding the R.A.F. display, the dinners, and aero exhibitions, there are to be during the season sixteen pageants and four competitions which will be mainly organized and supported by private aeroplane owners and club pilots. In addition there are to be many gliding meetings and competitions, including the new *Daily Mail* competition, and possibly the attempts to win the £1,000 prize offered by Mr. A. J. A. Wallace Barr for the first glide across the Channel made by a British pilot in a British glider. It is to be an air year such as has not previously been witnessed in any part of the world, and which I do not believe could be paralleled in America.

A United Effort.

It is necessary that the best use should be made of this air year as a stimulus to amateur flying. A similar opportunity may not present itself for some time, and all those who believe in flying should unite in a combined effort to press its claims upon a much larger public. For the

time being the jealousies and minor differences of opinion and quarrels should be allowed to stand aside, and a team effort by every club member, every firm of constructors, every amateur pilot, and every member of the R.A.F. should be made to make flying as much a part of everyday life as motoring. In pressing the claims of aviation there is no need for exaggeration, which does more harm than good. There is no need to pretend that everybody owns his own machine, or that aeroplanes are as common as income-tax forms. In *THE TATLER* I have been frank about private flying, and I shall continue to be frank about it. But without pretending that everybody is flying now, it is possible to show by means of the air action that will take place this year that everybody ought to be flying.

Any tendency to cliquishness among pilots is subversive to flying progress and should be resisted. The good old English insularity will not do in an essentially international thing like aviation. The outlook of all who are trying to help flying must be broadened, and the light aeroplane must be visualized not as a puny means of deriving amusement or publicity but as the first and only international conveyance; a device which will in time break down the national barriers in Europe and may have more effect upon the world's future than all the political conferences put together. This year there is an opportunity for the enthusiasts to press forward, to abolish parochialism and to develop a proper aeronautical aggressiveness.

Reading.

Perhaps a warning about air pageants may be uttered without throwing cold water upon them. In another place I have given my view that the pageant at Woodley, held by the Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Aero Club was highly dangerous, and that some bad accidents were missed only by good fortune. I happened to be standing a few yards from the place where one Moth pilot, making a down-wind turn round a pylon, allowed his machine to bank over the vertical with insufficient speed, and avoided mowing down about fifty people in the crowd by inches. Such incidents must not happen, and the Royal Aero Club has done well in inquiring into the organization of air pageants and in making recommendations for the reduction of risks.

Apart from the risks, the Reading Pageant, at which I saw Captain F. E. Guest and Sir Sefton Brancker, was well run and well attended. Sir Leslie Wilson opened the club-house, and there was some splendid flying by Miss Spooner in the races and by Flight-Lieutenant Schofield in the aerobatic displays. Miss Spooner has now added to her "A" and "B" pilot's licences her second-class navigator's certificate as I predicted she would do last week.



F. King & Co.
MISS TOBY CRIBB

The secretary of the Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Aero Club, in a Junker Junior all-metal light plane. The club is one of the National Flying Services' Clubs, and this picture was taken at the Reading Air Pageant



F. King & Co.
THE HON. LADY BAILEY AND MR. N. COMPER

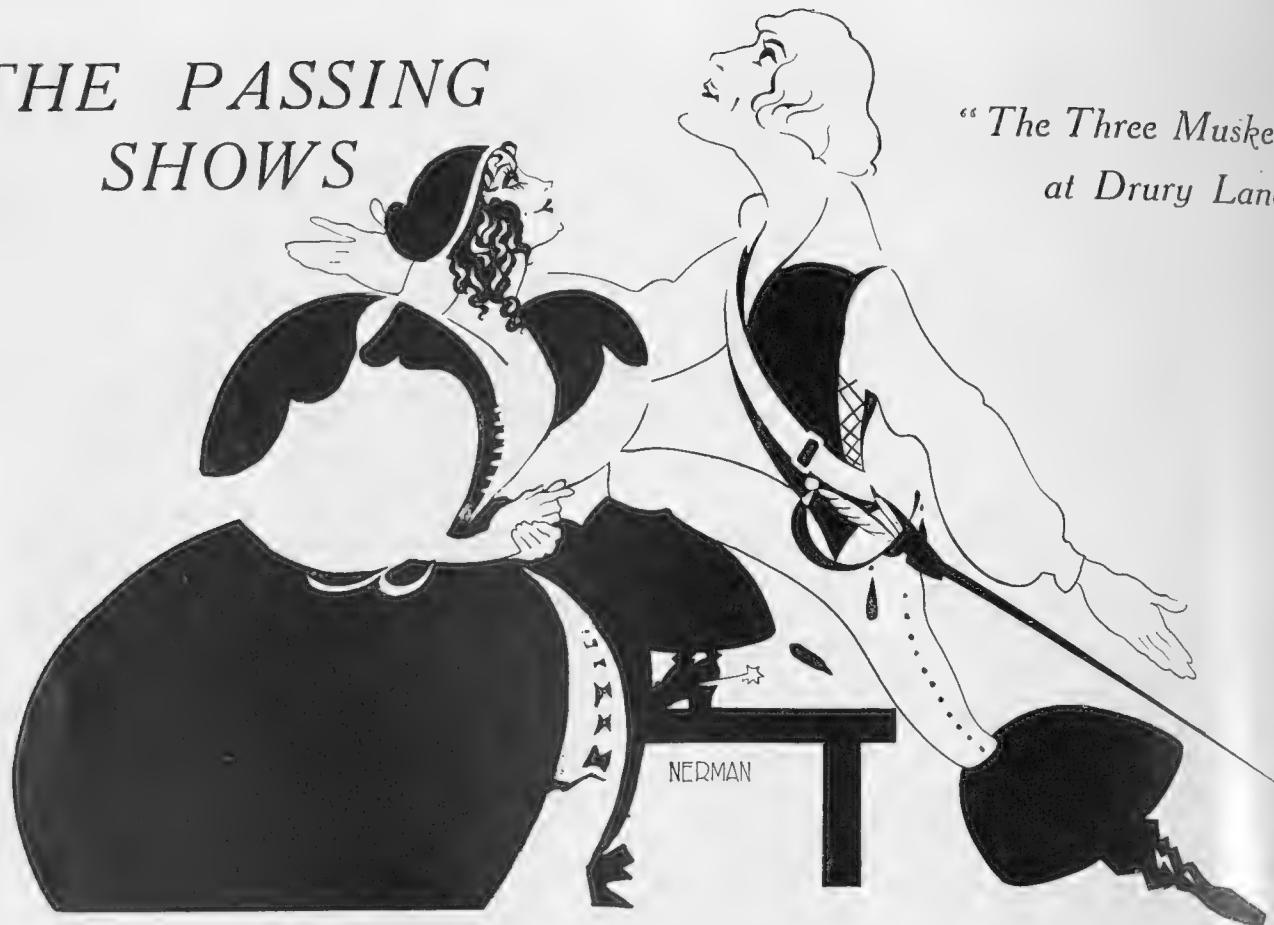
At the opening of the Liverpool and District Aero Club club-house, when Mr. Comper, managing-director of the Comper Aircraft Company, introduced Lady Bailey to a Comper "Swift," built locally at the Comper Works, Hooton Aerodrome

*Peter North, Old Burlington Street***THE HON. EILEEN PLUNKET**

A recent portrait of the second of Lord Plunket's four sisters, the other three of whom are married. The eldest is Mrs. Tahu Rhodes, the wife of Captain Tahu Rhodes, M.V.O.; the third is the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Smith, wife of Captain Herbert Smith, D.S.O., and the youngest married Captain Charles Whidborne, M.B.E., who was formerly in the 14th Hussars. Lord Plunket, who was in the Rifle Brigade, succeeded to the title in 1920, and in 1922 married the widow of Captain Jack Barnato

THE PASSING SHOWS

"*The Three Musketeers*,"
at Drury Lane



MISS ADRIENNE BRUNE AND MR. DENNIS KING

Embroidering in song the idyllic moments of the *affaire de cœur* between a Queen's lady and an immortal soldier of fortune, D'Artagnan, no less, which began at first sight, as all the best romances do

HERE is a scene in Mr. Cochran's latest revue, depicting an all-white Heaven, which puts the purity of the lily to shame and makes the riven snow look like gooseberry-fool. As for one's white tie and waistcoat, a glance at these earthly appendages provokes the thought that washerwomen will never wear wings.

My mental envisagement of Heaven, hitherto misty, clarified immediately at the sight of this spotless vista. It would be good to live in a perpetual spring, clad in shimmering white knee-breeches designed by Mr. Oliver Messel. It would be better to realize that this being High Heaven and not, for example, High Holborn, one's wherewithals would retain for ever (Cleanliness was ever next to Godliness) their first fine virginal gloss. It would be best of all, speaking as a dramatic critic, to meet one's elders and betters engulfed in garments of equal cleanliness. Comes an angelic vision of Mr. Halo (formerly Hannen)

S—r in a dress suit of dazzling purity. Follows another of Mr. James A—e in a suit of white plus fours beside which Mr. Walter Hagen's would seem to have been dragged through the muddy waters of the Mississippi. Disturbing these albino visions is the thought that the *décor* of the ideal Heaven cannot be complete without Miss Doris Zinkeisen. Harps

and halos would mingle quaintly with the frills and furbelows of the Naughty 'Nineties; and elderly cherubs would look diverting in covert coats and side-whiskers.

But now there is Drury Lane and the counter-claims, based on more substantial and less æsthetic lines, of Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld.

The scenery, dresses, and lighting of *The Three Musketeers* suggest that Mr. Ziegfeld's heaven would combine, amongst other things, the uttermost syllable of the Hollywood definition of magnificence and the warmth and colour of every Old Master worth framing.

Rainbow visions unfold of the mystic glow of vast cathedrals diffused, through stained-glass windows a thousand feet high, by amber sunsets of countless candle-power. Of white robes of Paris cut and classic grace shimmering in green pastures under a star-studded sky of blinding blueness, or pirouetting against the mellow harmonies of priceless tapestries. Of St. Peter's Gate sliding in two parts on noiseless hinges,

carved and embossed with all the massive heraldry of heaven. Of

guests and choristers

ranged tier by tier against a background of blue hangings emblazoned with a million golden fleur-de-lis.

Two minutes' reflection on what it must have cost to put this "romantic musical play" upon the stage of our "national" theatre should silence for ever anyone curmudgeonly enough to begrudge a mere 14s. 6d., exclusive of tax, for a front stall. The sum total might



MR. ROBERT WOOLLARD
A Porthos of ample quantity
and quality



MR. RAYMOND NEWELL

As Aramis, that engaging mixture of monk and musketeer



MR. JACK LIVESEY

Number Two — Athos — of the famous triumvirate



MR. JERRY VERNO

As Planchet, D'Artagnan's henchman, the exception to the rule that no man can be a hero to his valet

Old Drury calls forth an occasional yawn from inmates of the higher planes of dramatic thought, let us descend to the multitude and consider the pros of all this swashbuckling to music.

There is D'Artagnan firstly, to awaken schoolboy memories; there are the Three Musketeers, the portly Porthos, the nimble Athos and the prayerful Aramis, a triumvirate of "stout fellahs" stout enough to make Beau Geste and his brethren look like fourth-form boys by comparison. There is "Milady," Lady de Winter, the fatal fleur-de-lis on her left shoulder-blade and all the wiles of Circe and Greta Garbo in her treacherous heart; Anne, Queen of France, and her hunted Duke of Buckingham; Cardinal Richelieu, sinister and scheming, with his chessmen and his white cat; Louis XIII of France; de Rochefort, Richelieu's henchman and D'Artagnan's enemy; and Constance Bonacieux, beloved of the young Gascon whose sword was no sooner out of its scabbard than probing the defenceless gizzards of the king's enemies.

How D'Artagnan came to Paris on his white horse with the set purpose of becoming a Musketeer; how that ill-natured quadruped expired from the shock of a square meal; how his master challenged the Three Musketeers to a duel almost simultaneously, and became one of them; how he served his Queen first by chance and then by design; how he outwitted Richelieu's cordon of Guards at Calais, discovered the theft by "Milady" of the Queen's Diamond Heart from the golden casket of Buckingham's romantic shrine; how he wooed and tricked the thief and fought and killed de Rochefort in her bedchamber; how he restored the missing jewel in time for Her Majesty to wear it on the night of the State Ball at the Hôtel de Ville . . . are not these things as spoken and sung at Drury Lane sufficient unto the evening?

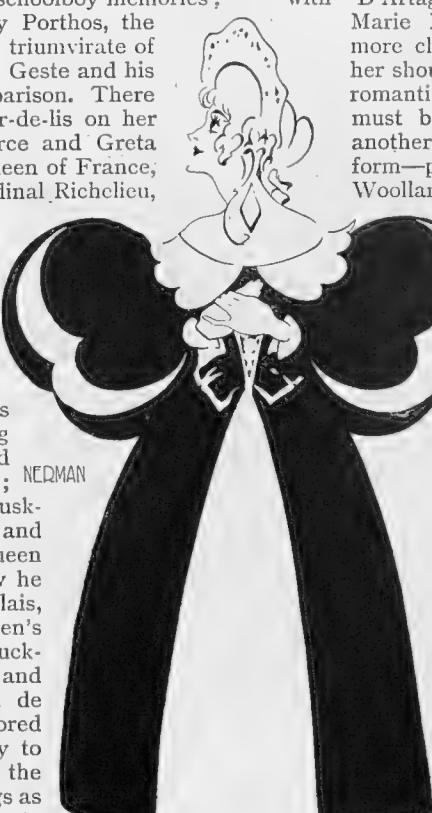
Echo, recalling the slick, self-confident élan of Mr. Dennis King (before whose D'Artagnan in the original New York production, and Villon

have saved Alexandre Dumas the elder from his creditors. That being too late, it may not be too early to predict that the shareholders of Drury Lane can sleep quietly in their beds for many moons to come.

Mr. Rudolf Friml may have written scores more hauntingly melodious than that which Mr. Herman Finck and his orchestra discourse so fluently amid the flauitings of cloak and the flashings of sabre. Comedians may have been allowed more chances of arousing laughter than those allotted by Mr. William Anthony McGuire, not the first of Dumas' collaborators, to Mr. Jerry Verno in the guise of Planchet, valet to D'Artagnan. But one can't have everything. The romance is there and all the pomp and circumstance of adventure. And romance, after all, is the main item on the agenda of every musical comedy produced, as is the fashion, on a scale corresponding to the triumph of a Roman emperor.

If this mammoth spectacle at

MISS MARIE NEY
"Milady" of the tell-tale Fleur-de-Lis



MISS MARIE NEY

A lovely Queen of France and an even lovelier Queen of Song

in *The Vagabond King*, all America hath bowed the knee) answers "Yes, I think so." Mr. King (in case you don't read the papers) was once a call boy in Birmingham at 5s. a week. That, and his hard fight against adversity, made him an item of front-page news. By his singing, acting, and sword-play shall he henceforth be enrolled on his native soil in that band of henchmen among whom are numbered the Lewis Wallers and the Harry Welchmans. I overheard a lovely lady discussing him in the interval. "He's such a nice skinny man," she said ecstatically, waving a hand towards that portion of the female form which our

grandmothers enclosed with whalebone. The last word shall be hers.

Miss Lilian Davies, looking in her composure every inch a queen, sings every note with a like degree of masterful regality. Miss Adrienne Brune, with a decrease in hauteur becoming a mere commoner and an *ingénue*, emerges with high vocal honours from her duets with D'Artagnan. Miss

Marie Ney's full histrionic accomplishments are given more chance to come to light than the fleur-de-lis on her shoulder, but with so much to be said and sung by the romantics, villains, and villainesses on these occasions must be seen in glimpses. Mr. Arthur Wontner in another "straight" part dispenses his Richelieu in tabloid form—palatable, and to the point. Messrs. Robert Woollard, Jack Livesey and Raymond Newell musketeer to admiration; Mr. Newell's fine baritone extracts the full value of every semi-quaver from "Ma Belle," the evening's most hummable piece of Friml. Mr. Webster Booth's Buckingham is more vocal than ducal, and Mr. Louis Hector's de Rochefort, Mr. Stephen T. Ewart's de Treville, and Mr. George Bishop's Louis XIII are in the picture. Mr. Jerry Verno's unassuming delivery of humour by instalments deserves a kindly thought for a likeable comedian. Miss Ula Sharon, a dancer of much delight, leads the ballet. M. Anatole Bourman's bewitching affair of moonlight and classical grouping in the Tuilleries Gardens, with the Palace in the distance and real water rising from one of the statuettes.

Briefly, and lastly, here is a popular feast of twelve courses superbly staged and nobly sung, *The Three Musketeers*, or more simply "If I Were King," might be funnier; it could hardly be more sumptuous. Walk up and let your ears be soothed, your eyes dazzled, and your wholesome appetite for romance sated by the swish of cloak, the ring of steel, the glamour of colour, the surge of movement. Not to mention, besides a real white cat, a real white horse, doomed, if rumours of greasepaint on the ribs be correct, to a stern observance of the Daily Dozen.

"TRINCULO."



MR. ARTHUR WONTNER

Resplendent in red as Richelieu, craftiest of chess-players and Cardinals

A GYMKHANA AT GIB



LADY MARY GRAHAM AND MISS MIRIAM OWEN



LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. W. H. TOMLINSON

LIEUT. H. F. P. GRENFELL AND
MISS MIRIAM OWEN

MISS PEGGY CAMPBELL

MAJOR WALLACE, THE BOOKIE,
AND CLERK

Gymkhanas, as some people know, are things at which, as a rule, the competitors are asked to perform feats of daring alongside of which lion-taming, riding in the National, or flying the Atlantic, are child's play, but at this pleasant show on North Shore the events were not so alarming. The bookie, "Tiny Tot" (Major Wallace), it is said, drove a thriving trade over the Wheelbarrow Race and Donkey Derby, in which amongst the starters were each to each, Lieutenant Grenfell (H.M.S. "Nelson"), Miss Miriam Owen, Miss Peggy Campbell, Lady Mary Graham, the elder of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose's daughters, and again Miss Miriam Owen. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Tomlinson are seen when competing in the Lloyd-Lindsay race, which sometimes has to do with bringing a wounded man out of action under fire, but has numerous variants

Photographs by Chas. E. Brown

Personality in Portraiture



Dorothy Wilding
LADY ROSEMARY BARING



Viscountess Bridport and the Hon. Eileen Hood

Levende



Hay Wrightson

THE COUNTESS OF VERULAM AND HER FOUR SONS

The new and attractive portrait of Lady Bridport and the Hon. Eileen Hood which heads this page pays tribute to the extraordinary likeness which exists between mother and daughter. Lady Bridport was raised to the rank of a Viscount's widow in 1925, ten years after the death in action of her husband, the late the Hon. Maurice Hood, R.N.V.R., a great-great-great-grandson of Lord Nelson. Her son, the present Viscount, is a midshipman R.N. Lady Rosemary Baring, the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Cromer, has lately joined the ranks of the brides-to-be, her engagement to Mr. Dennis Stucley, Grenadier Guards, having been announced a month or two ago. Her future husband is the eldest son of Sir Hugh Stucley, whose place, Affeton Castle, has been in the Stucley family for over 600 years. Lord and Lady Verulam's four good-looking sons, whose ages range from nineteen to fourteen, are Lord Forrester of Corstophine, and the Hons. John, Brian, and Bruce Grimston. Lady Verulam, formerly Lady Violet Brabazon, is one of Hertfordshire's most popular hostesses

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER.—Yesterday was the opening day of the Longchamps flat racing, and though I am not much of a race-goer I sallied forth in a new and flowery frock (in honour of the sun) and a warm coat (in deference to the fresh little breeze *and* the fact that I prefer an open roadster to any other kind of car), intending to back a winner (that frock's got to be paid for someday) or die! Such an endless procession of cars, my dear, such an endless stream of pedestrians. Such speeding up the Champs Élysées, along the quays and through the usually-quiet streets of Auteuil! The sun shone boastfully . . . as if it never did anything else. Snow, rain, and grey days have never existed except in our morbid imagination. The Bois was suddenly green, though I vow that a week ago the branches were stark, the ground was thickly covered with those adorable little yellow flowers of which the only botanical fact I know is that they are NOT buttercups; the river was a silver ripple and looked as if it had been freshly filtered for the occasion; frivolous butterflies abounded, timorous and fussy; the sky was absurdly blue . . .

* * *

Très Cher, I set out for the races but somehow, and most amazingly, I never got there! It was no good, the car simply wouldn't stop. Avoiding the red-capped guardians I skirted the parking grounds, despite the fact that I could have found room within a hundred yards of the entrance to the *Pesage*. I went out of Paris with a rush and a swoop and found myself at the top of the St. Cloud hill almost before I knew that my four-year-old Miss Chrysler had even started to climb (stout-hearted wench that she is); Versailles and the *trois marches de marbre rose* dropped behind me and I felt that I was heading for the rim of the world. My far horizon proved to be the forest of Rambouillet . . . I left the prudent picnic-parties on the dusty outskirts and went

deep into the newly green glades where one can enjoy an orgy of silence so intense that the minutest insect crawling beneath the moss seems to make as much noise as a motor-lorry! Mad? Of course I'm mad, Très Cher! The first day in the country at this time of the year goes straight to my head . . . or do I mean my heart? In time, however, I collected my few and very scattered wits and returned to where I had left Miss Chrissie. We slid home via Chevreuse, Orsay,



THE BARONESS EDITH VON WINTERFELD

Who is holding an exhibition of her pictures, mostly sporting subjects, in London in June. The Baroness is very keen on fox-hunting, and is also a very good portrait-artist, and has painted most of the Queens and Princesses of post-war Europe as well as many others



LA ARGENTINA AND RAMON NOVARRO

A picture taken when the famous Spanish dancer, the world's greatest exponent of the tango, was in Los Angeles, where she was the guest of Ramon Novarro, who was himself a dancer before he succumbed to the lure of the flickers

and the Meudon woods. We were loaded to the brim with daffodils. It was a real daffodil Sunday. For those who were too lazy—poor souls—to make their own harvest, the gypsies and vagabonds had been busy. They lined the high road, holding up great bunches that shone in the dusk like the after-glow of a setting sun. A most satisfying day, Très Cher, full of the first, fine, careless rapture of Spring.

* * *

I think I enjoyed it all the more by force of contrast. I had danced till dawn the night before. Albert, late of Perroquet fame, has opened a new night haunt, Les Champs Élysées, and of course Tout-Paris went to the opening party to wish him joy. Mistinguett (who is now universally known as *Grandmère*, and who has accepted her sobriquet with philosophy) was there with her grandchildren, the Rocky twins, Earle Leslie, and many of his little boy friends; Jane Marnac and Keith Trevor, enjoying the congratulations of their friends for Jane's remarkably produced version of *Bitter Sweet* and her delightful singing therein; St. Granier and his pretty English wife . . . St. Granier, who holds the record of having four shows produced in Paris this month, and who, by the time this reaches you will be appearing in the new revue at the Palace, of which he is also part author; M. and Madame Armand Massard with a gay party of the Italian fencers who had taken part in the Fencing Gala at the Salle Wagram that evening; Mr. Charles Chichester, who was also at the amusing little fête I told you about last week, given on the Gondole des Chimères to celebrate Maurice Dekobra's return from the States; Andrée Lafayette, the French film star, who burst into fame a few years ago when she went to America to play the title rôle in the film version of *Trilby*. She had made a most successful debut that evening on the legitimate stage at the Odéon Theatre in Balzac's *Vautrin*, in which she acts, dances, and sings with equal charm. She left the party early, however, for she was due to leave for London next morning where she is to play in a British "100 per cent. talkie" that is taken from the successful comedy, *Sir Richard in the Pantry*. She is one of the loveliest girls I know. Tall and statuesque and very fair, with the most perfectly natural complexion I have ever seen, I believe she uses a little powder, but that is the only make-up on her absolutely flawless skin. The Odéon is a repertory theatre that changes its programme every evening, and she will return to Paris from London every Sunday in order to appear in *Vautrin*. Our Miss Tuckers do have to sing for their suppers nowadays, don't they? Writing of suppers . . . Albert did us proud. The Champs Élysées has a *chef* who knows his job as well as the band knew theirs. A most enjoyable night, Très Cher . . . this is a place that you must try when next you are over.—Believe-you-muh! PRISCILLA.

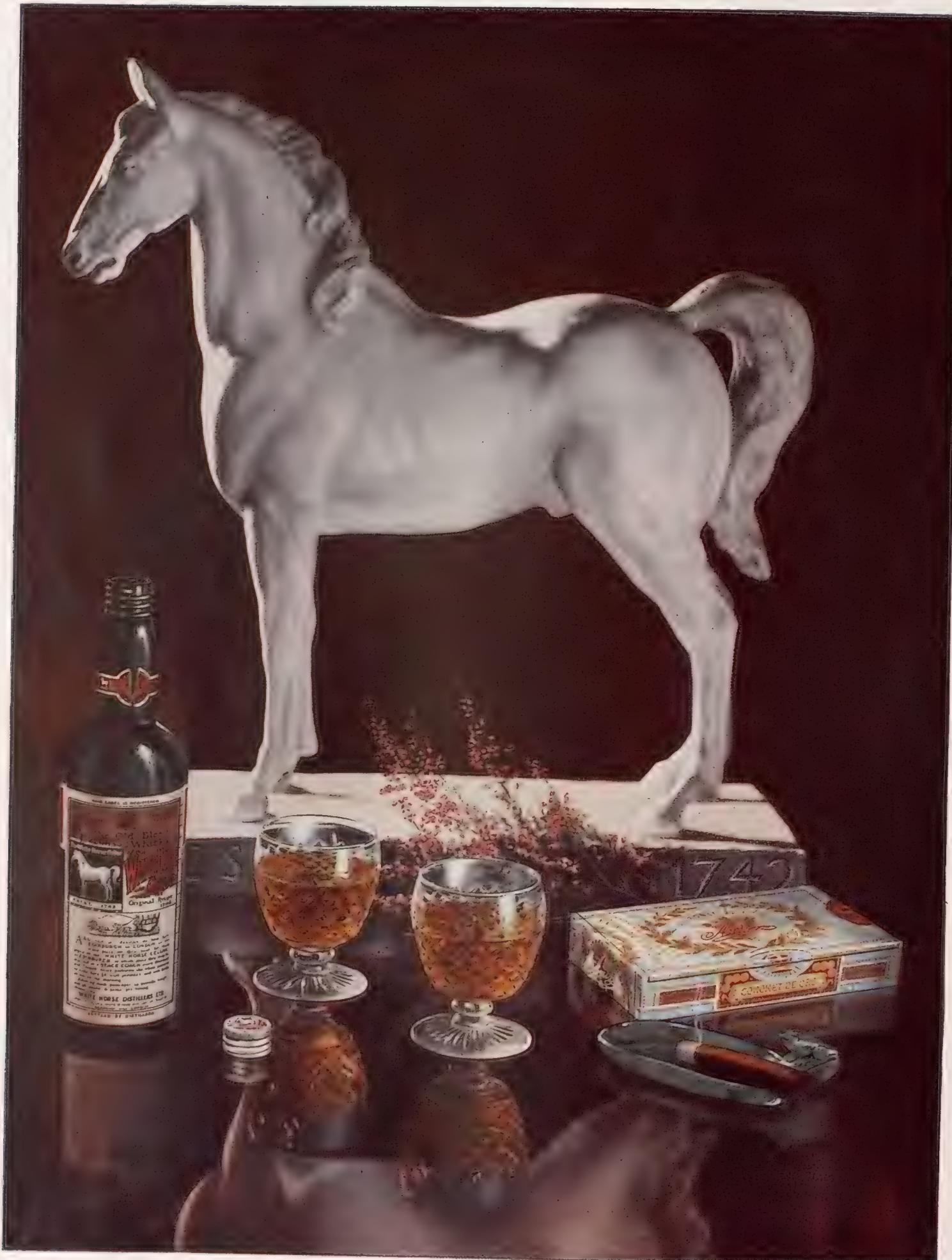
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By Bevan Petman





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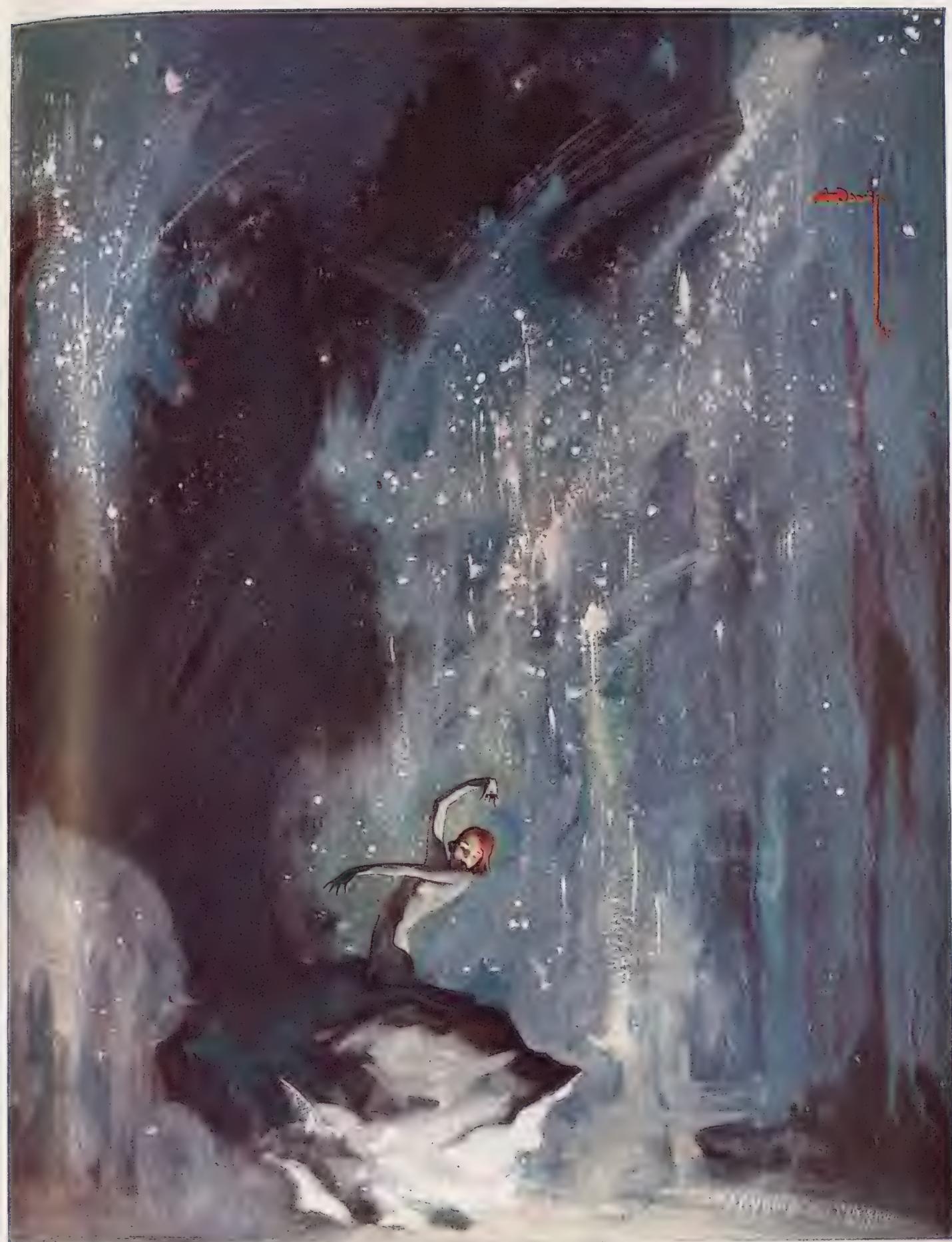


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THE BUDDING SEASON
AND SOCIETY

LADY MARY LYGON

The budding London Season, provided always that Mr. Buchan's uncomfortable predictions about the weather do not materialize, looks as if it might open in a blaze of glorious summer, and enable everyone to discard the winter garment of discontent with impunity. Lady Mary Lygon, who is not yet of age, is the third of Lord and Lady Beauchamp's four beautiful daughters. Lord Tiverton, who is to marry Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart, is the son and heir of the Earl of Halsbury, the former Recorder of Carmarthen, and a grandson of the famous Lord Chancellor, the first Lord Halsbury. Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart is the daughter of the late Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, a son of the late Marquess of Bute, who was in the Scots Guards and was killed in action in 1915. Her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Maule Ramsay, is a daughter of Lord Gormanston, and married Captain Archibald Maule Ramsey, Coldstream Guards, in 1917. He is a kinsman of Lord Dalhousie.

Photographs by Yevonde, Victoria Street



MISS ISMAY CRICHTON-STUART

Point- to- Points

LEFT: LADY ETHEL WICKHAM, LORD HUNTRY, AND MR. F. BIRCH AT THE FITZWILLIAM HUNT RACES, HELD AT MORBOURNE



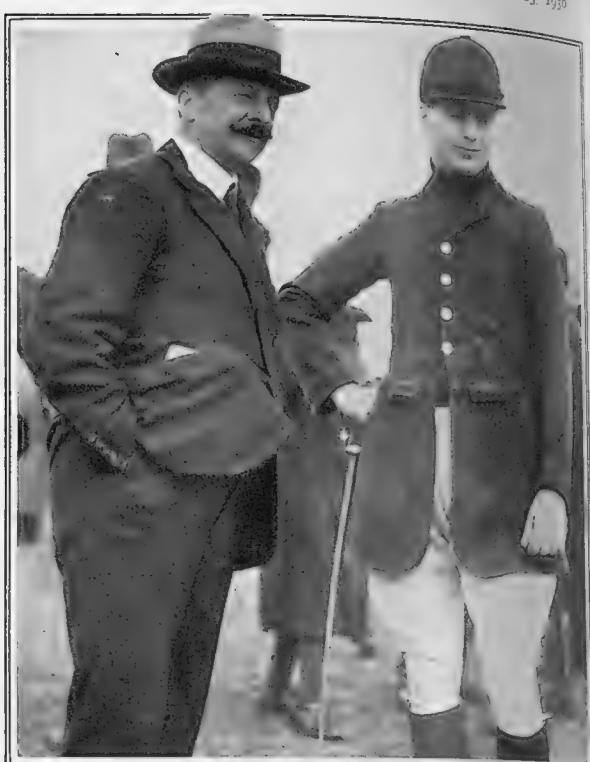
MRS. FOX, F. FOX, MRS. SUTTON, MRS. BANKIER, CAPTAIN BANKIER, AND J. ANTHONY AT THE OLD BERKS HUNT RACES



ALSO AT THE OLD BERKS MEETING: MRS. M. HARTIGAN, MAJOR F. W. BARRETT, MRS. BARRETT, AND MISS BARRETT

LEFT: LADY ALINGTON, THE HON. JOHN ASHLEY-COOPER, AND MRS. DIGBY AT THE CATTISTOCK POINT-TO-POINT

In a few days the point-to-point season will be over, but in the meantime photographic impressions of various meetings come thick and fast. At the Fitzwilliam Hunt Races among the most interested of the spectators were Lady Ethel Wickham and her brother the Marquess of Huntly. Lord Fitzwilliam joined Mr. G. C. Fitzwilliam in the mastership of the Fitzwilliam in 1926. The Old Berks held their point-to-point at Faringdon and had a fine day for it. Freddy Fox had brought his wife to see the fun and Jack Anthony was another attendant. A ladies' race was on the card and this was won by Miss B. Eccles on her Tollgate, with Major "Rattle" Barrett's Indian Mutiny, ridden by his daughter, second. Mrs. Hartigan also had a cut at this event. At the Cattistock Hunt Races at North Perrott, near Crewkerne, a large following saw some good racing. Eleven Naval Officers featured in the Atlantic Fleet Race, which went to Mrs. A. Edwards' Robin IV., well-ridden by Mr. Stracey-Clitherow. The big party from St. Giles' House included Lady Alington and her brother, Mr. John Ashley-Cooper.



EARL FITZWILLIAM AND MR. TOM FITZWILLIAM



AT THE GRAFTON HUNTER TRIALS



MISS L. SHAW-STEWART
OVER THE TOP ON "SMOKY"

The Grafton Hunter Trials were held at Greens Norton, near Towcester, Northants, and the excellent riding over fences by the children was quite an outstanding feature. Little Miss Shaw-Stewart on her clever little jumper seen in the picture was in the under-fifteen class. Lady Betty Montagu is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Sandwich. Mrs. Roger Wethered, wife of the famous golfer, is a daughter of Lord Charles Bentinck. Her younger sister has just got engaged to Mr. T. A. A. Watt who is in the Life Guards



LADY BETTY MONTAGU AND
MISS MARGESSON

Arthur Owen



MRS. ROGER WETHERED AND
MISS ROE

Arthur Owen



Secret Service in Red Russia

By SIR PAUL DUKES

CHAPTER IV.

NOT all the women with whom I have had dealings were such as those I have described.

There was, for instance, the wife of the officer who furnished me with so much information about Cronstadt, but who turned out to be an agent of the Tcheka.

That this lady was her husband's accomplice I had no doubt, but whether he was aware of all the methods she adopted was less certain. Our *tête-à-têtes* were rare, for her husband appeared to be of a cautious disposition, but certain books in French (a language he did not understand), of the type whose publication in England and America is prohibited, placed suggestively at my bedside by an unmistakable hand, left no doubt as to the invitations to which it was hoped I would prove responsive.

It was to escape the unpleasant attentions of this lady just as much as the treacherous machinations of her husband that I precipitated my last flight to Finland. Upon my return I had ample proof that my escape had only been just in time.

The Tcheka had my photograph and a full description of my various disguises. They even had a special note of one of my front teeth which was missing.

This tooth played a considerable rôle in my life at that time. When I was growing my beard

the tooth, an artificial one on a screw, fell out of its socket, and there being no dentist in Archangel capable of replacing it, I carried it about with me in my pocket.

When I ran across the frontier I took the tooth with me, sewn into the lapel of my coat.

Finding that my haunts, habits, and appearances were known to the Tcheka, it became urgent to alter my disguise radically and cut all connections through which I might be traced. So I shaved, cut my hair quite short, changed my clothing, and, last

but not least, stuck the missing tooth back in place.

I had previously prepared a supply of clothing just for such an emergency. Some of it I had obtained from my own flat. My housekeeper of course did not know me in disguise, and I gave myself out to be a friend of mine.

She was very suspicious of the newcomer, and refused to admit me to my rooms without an authorization from the other "me," the real me. So I went away and wrote myself a letter authorizing "my friend" so-and-so to visit my flat and take anything wanted.

Recognizing the handwriting, the housekeeper admitted me on the strength of this letter, and though I spent an hour talking to her she never suspected whom she was conversing with. After the depredations of the Bolsheviks very little was left of my

(Continued on p. viii)



THE TCHEKA INVESTIGATOR MARKED WITH A "X"

The Bolsheviks were so anxious to lay Sir Paul Dukes by the heels that they put their chief investigator on his trail. This is the comely gentleman marked with a "X" in the above picture of a procession in Leningrad

NEVER LET YOUR REFLECTION DISAPPOINT YOU



YOU ought to be pretty firm with your face. It may be your fortune, of course, but it's almost certain to be more than that. It determines how you feel about yourself—what you are. Others may love you for qualities of mind and heart . . . but no woman can dower herself with the gaiety, the poise, the serene assurance that make living a joy unless she has the backing of her reflected face—the knowledge that she looks her best.

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PARIS

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AT THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM POINT-TO-POINT

Lady Winterton and Lady Suffield between races at Littleworth, Partridge Green, where this point-to-point was run. Lord Winterton was Under-Secretary for State for India in the late Government, and Lady Suffield was the Hon. Olwen Philipps, and is a daughter of Lord Kylsant

Preston Park, Brighton, on the 2nd and 3rd May. So far as I can make out it is to be a sort of pageant, horse show, dog show, and gymkhana all combined. So far as I am able to gather at the moment the pageant is to reproduce a meet of hounds *temp. 1830* at the Cat and Custard Pot Inn, and that it is proposed to have amongst the *dramatis personae* a gouty landlord serving up jumping powder to the assembled multitude, a lot of people arriving in a coach, a gent—a “cad on castors” as they rudely called him—on an old bone-shaker bike, various lovely damsels in the appropriate hoops and funny trouserings of the period, and of course the Southdown hounds and the hunt servants in the rig appropriate to that period. The Cat and Custard Pot Inn suggests John Jorrocks and James Pigg, his equally immortal huntsman, and though it is 1830, a small liberty with the period might heighten the comedy. If I may refresh your memory, Jorrocks arrived a bit late to find that his field had been far too kind to his huntsman in the matter of brandy and when, the M.F.H. castup Pigg was pugnaciously tipsicated. He was so rude that he called Mr. Jorrocks “a varra feulish, noisy, gobby, insufficient ard man,” and Mr. Jorrocks retorted by telling Pigg that he was a “h'gnorant h'audacious rebellious rascal” and that he would see him “frightening rats from a barn wi' the bagpipes at an 'alfpenny a day” before he would let him hunt his hounds. This scene surely cannot be missed? Charley Stobbs, the hard-riding Yorkshireman, was also present on this memorable occasion, and stood by John Jorrocks and helped considerably in the subsequent proceedings when hounds picked up that traveller, and such a tremendous hunt boiled up with James Pigg, sobered in the end, chipping in and earning forgiveness. I think this scene at the meet would add a marvellous touch, if produced as I am sure that it can be. Jean Rougier (Jack Rogers) and Cuddy Flintoff out of *Ask Mama*, also Fine Billy Pringle,

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

A function which I feel sure will interest quite a lot of us, who think that the real liver and bacon of existence ends about March and begins again in November, is the Southdown Hunt Show, a sort of hunting pageant out of season in aid of the hunt funds which takes place in

Soapey Sponge and his short-docked coat, Miserrimus Doleful, “Binjimin,” Jogglebury Crowdly, “Facey” and Lucy Glitters, Mrs. Barnington, Lord Ladythorne, Jack Spraggon, and a host of other amusing people seem to be simply howling to be allowed to chip in at this quite original pageant, but, of course, they belonged to a slightly later period than 1830. As a comparison to this 1830 scene, a very up-to-date 1930 meet is to be presented with motor horse-boxes and everyone of both sexes in the last word in hunting clothes.

* * *

The result of this year's Kadir Cup was sent to me last week, but owing to the futuristic existence THE TATLER is compelled to live when any holiday is toward and things have to be sent in about a fortnight earlier than usual, it could not be used until now. It was won by Captain H. McA. Richards, R.A., on a bay country-bred gelding named Manifest. Captain Richards won it in 1928 on Centaur, thus breaking the run of 4th Hussar successes from and including 1924, when Captain Scott-Cockburn commenced his record performances on another country-bred, Carclew. In this year's Kadir Carclew again got into the semi-finals, and was beaten by the winner. His record thus reads: won 1924, 1925, 1927; ran-up 1923, 1926, and 1930, a performance which I think it safe to say is never likely to be beaten either by man or horse. Captain Scott-Cockburn also rode Captain Nugent Head's Bullet Head in this year's Kadir, the horse on which Captain Head won in 1929, but no news has come through as to where he finished. Bullet Head, I am told, is a lot above Captain Scott-Cockburn's weight, is a big Australian, and is his owner's hand-writing but not everyone



LORD WODEHOUSE

The famous Old Cantab of the Buckmaster epoch and ex-International polo player, at Lord Cowdray's luncheon last week, when some information about the projected International team was given to the assembled guests

else's. The 4th Hussar record in this contest is a most astounding one and may not be complete even yet. The first so-called Kadir Cup was run in 1869, and was won by a 4th Hussar, Mr. Bibby, on a grey Arab named The Doctor. It was then called the Meerut Tent Club Cup, and was a race over the Kadir

(Cont. on p. xii)



MRS. JOHN BEALY AND LADY NORTH

At the Crawley and Horsham Point-to-Point at Littleworth, Partridge Green, last week. There was a big “gallery” and an excellent card. Lady North is the wife of Lord North, Lord Guilford's son and heir, and is a daughter of Sir Merrick Burrell, who had a horse running

DREAMS BY WORTHINGTON



THE MOTORIST'S DREAM



IN THE "RAFFLES" FILM: MISS KAY FRANCIS, MR. RONALD COLMAN, AND MISS VIRGINIA BRUCE

In a scene from the Samuel Goldwyn talkie production of the famous play in which Sir Gerald Du Maurier created the hero at the Comedy Theatre so long ago as 1906, and made one of the great hits of his career

AN American was being shown round by a Scotsman.

"That's a fine train for ye," said the latter with pride, pointing to an express which had just appeared out of a tunnel.

"Sure," agreed the American, "but we've got trains twice as big as that in the States."

The Scot was silent for a moment.

"That's a fine buildin' for ye," he said, then, "what dae ye think o' it?"

The American laughed a little. "Say, that's nothing. We've got hundreds of buildings bigger and better than that."

"Aye," returned the Scot, "I expect ye have. That's an asylum."

For a great number of years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and the Robinsons. The trouble had originally begun through Brown's cat spoiling Robinson's garden, and the affair had magnified with the years. One day, however, Brown, wearying of the quarrel, sent a note over to Robinson, which read: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Robinson, and begs to say that his old cat died this morning."

Robinson, however, was not feeling so friendly, and his reply read as follows: "Mr. Robinson is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."

The old lady was listening to her young niece's recital of family news. It was not cheering. "Uncle Joe died last Friday—John has pneumonia—Mary is to have an operation."

With a sympathetic nod the old lady butted in: "Yes, it's all trouble, isn't it? And we've got moth in our mattress now!"

The chief wag of a suburban golf club strolled into the club-house and told the assembled members, "I'm full of beans this morning, I feel I could go out and beat Hagen again."

A new member who was not up to his tricks stared at him. "Again?" he queried.

"Oh, yes," said the witty one, "I've often felt like that before."



Sasha
MR. HENRY AINLEY
AS HAMLET

Mr. Ainley is playing the all-star matinées at the Haymarket on April 22 and 25 in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, the Actors' Orphanage, the Theatrical Ladies' Guild, and the Denville Home for Aged Actors, and the objects being so deserving the house at both performances is sure to be booked up



"IT'S A PITY ABOUT HUMANITY"

Mr. Miles Mander and Miss Adèle Dixon in this play which was produced at the Opera House, Blackpool, and from there came on to the Arts Theatre. Mr. Oliver Baldwin, M.P., the son of the ex-Premier, produced it

Bubble and Squeak

"When I grow up, mummie?" asked the little girl, "shall I marry a man like father?" "Yes, I expect you will, my dear," replied the mother, with a smile. "And if I don't marry anyone shall I grow up like auntie?" persisted the child. "Yes," said the mother, "I suppose you will." "Well," said the child, "I am in a fix."

* * *

A lady with social ambitions decided to learn golf, and, after weeks of practice, was taken out by the pro. for her first round. Coming to a short hole the pro. said, "Now, madam, at this hole you've got to carry that bunker."

"Certainly not," said the lady golfer haughtily, "Let the caddie carry it."

"I made two calls this morning, my dear," said the husband, "and I must have left my umbrella at the second place."

"How do you know you didn't leave it at the first place?" asked his wife.

"Because I got it there!"

A young man was learning German, and asked his teacher to dinner one evening. During the meal the professor explained the various pronunciations, but presently he uttered a strange-sounding word, pronounced, as the young host could see, with some difficulty by his guest.

"I didn't quite catch that word," he confessed. "Was it a German word?"

"No!" said the guest, shortly, "that was a fishbone!"

"AS DEPENDABLE AS AN AUSTIN"

The Austin 'Twenty'
Ranelagh Limousine

as illustrated

£630



**Built specifically for those accustomed to
only the best things of life . . .**

COMPLETE mastery of design, exceptional engineering skill, a keen appreciation of what is fit and proper in a car built specifically to appeal to those accustomed to only the best things of life . . . all these things are evident in the Austin 'Twenty' Ranelagh Limousine.

The secret of success—the foundation of Austin's strength—lies in this combination of factors . . . Its inherent quality—for no car manufactured is built of finer materials . . . Its conservative dignity,

which in itself constitutes a pronounced individuality . . . Its downright, unfailing dependability which is expressed in its freedom from trouble—its great reserve of mileage.

To these qualities add the luxury, the careful attention to detail of its interior, its spaciousness, its riding comfort . . . Small wonder that men eminent in the business and social world instinctively turn to the Austin Ranelagh—and find a sense of pride in ownership.

AUSTIN



MISS ELISSA LANDI—AND A NEW "TRIUMPH"

The neat little car she is using whilst busy on the new Elinor Glyn film "The Price of Things." Miss Elissa Landi, who, besides being an actress of note, is an authoress, has made just as good on the films as she has in the other departments of her art

"Roadogs."

THIS word is strictly copyright—same as my Lord Beaverbrook's political articles—but it may be used without fee or licence, and indeed without let or hindrance, in any cinema or other place of boredom. In short, I bequeath it to the nation and to posterity. Time was when I had an independent spirit, when I rejoiced to think that, whatever might be my destiny, I at least should have a hand in working it out. It was very fine and large to feel that, subject to the stress of editors (who are singularly nasty and business-like in these dividend-hunting days), I might do what I liked, when I liked, and how I liked. But now I am in chains; cuffs are about my wrists, and gyves about my ankles. A great rusty staple in the wall is a mere nothing to that which now fixes me. The truth is that I am owned, possessed, exploited, abused, fawned upon, fondled, frolicked over, and finally flummoxed by four Chows. You did not know what it was to own a Chow? Dear reader, no one ever did. The position is always and entirely *au contraire*: You might suppose that the connection between Chows and motoring—which is what I am supposed to write about—was distant. It is not. For these Chows not only insist upon owning *me*, and exercising all the transitive verbs to which I have made reference above, but they also have laid paws upon my cars. These things, they say, are intended to minister to their comfort and pleasure—and, by the Lord, they do. The moment I bring Clementina—dearest and best of all cars—round to the front door, there are four Chows, mother and three sons, clamouring to get in. At one time I thought it was Clementina who appealed to them even as she appeals to me. But no. They do just the same with Mrs. P.V.'s Hillman. The cars of strangers they will have nothing whatever to do with. But our own cars they love so much that more than once (in the traditional manner) I have said, "My God, these dogs are going to ruin me in petrol."

Please Explain.

"Exhaustion and Painful Researches, by Darwin and Huxley and Ball," have taught us a lot of things, but they have not made it clear to me why a dog should love motoring. Yet dogs do undoubtedly love it. I once knew a fox-terrier that did its ten thousand miles standing up on the flat top of the bonnet of a Dennis lorry. But then came a wet night—alas, in every sense of the word—when the poor little chap lost his grip and was ground into the cruel earth by the very wheels over which for so long he had presided as a mascot. That was a fine

Petrol Vapour

BY W. G. ASTON.

record, but my Chows have clearly made up their minds to beat it. The worst of it is that for the purpose of depreciating upholstery, scratching varnish off the little panels of polished wood by which coach-builders set so much store, breathing on windows, setting muddy paw-marks exactly where they are not wanted, Chows are unmatched. What fun can they get out of the car? Precious little, I should judge. We dare not have the windows open, for the whole gang would infallibly leap out if we did. Even so, they glue their eyes to the Splintex, and when they see a cow in a pasture they wail and cry and supplicate, "Oh, daddy, please give us that cow." By and large we pass a little dog on his best behaviour. They roar defiance at him, and I find hard little claws scraping my head to signal that this is just about the time to stop. But normally, when there are no cows or small dogs about these Chows just thrust their heads through the ventilation clearances that we give them, and the fact that the wind streams through their shaggy little manes makes them as deliriously happy as a flapper in a dance-club the night before it is closed down. Once

I asked a great philosopher about this, and he said that the passage of a brisk current of air over the dog's fur stimulated the follicles and toned up the epidermis. I don't believe a word of it. My Chows would laugh me to scorn if I were to talk about follicles to them. No. The way I figure it out is this. Chows are by nature sledge dogs. This you can easily prove. Invite any Chow to come for a walk with you and, so long as he is loose, he will lag so excruciatingly that inside the first half-mile you will be bunging brick-ends at him, to wake him up.

But put a collar (or better, a saddle) around him with chain to match . . . and what a difference! The demon (for demon he is) will pull your arm out of its socket. He has made up his mind that there is no rest for him (and precious little for you) until he has dragged you to the top of Mount Everest. My opinion of Chows has fully persuaded me that acquired instincts can be transmitted. It has also fully persuaded me that the acquisition of instincts is a business in which Chows singularly excel. This afternoon I was busily engaged upon building an aviary. My three ne'er-do-well pups wandered into the yard to see how things were getting along, and, like the little gentlemen they are, took the hint that they need not bother themselves, because I had got a gallon of Solignum and my carpentry could do without their attentions. But now—please be serious for a moment—what happened? Those pups went off upon an

(Continued on p. xvii)



"Are you sure your folks know I'm coming home to dinner with you?"
"They ought to. They argued with me a whole hour over it."



Daimler

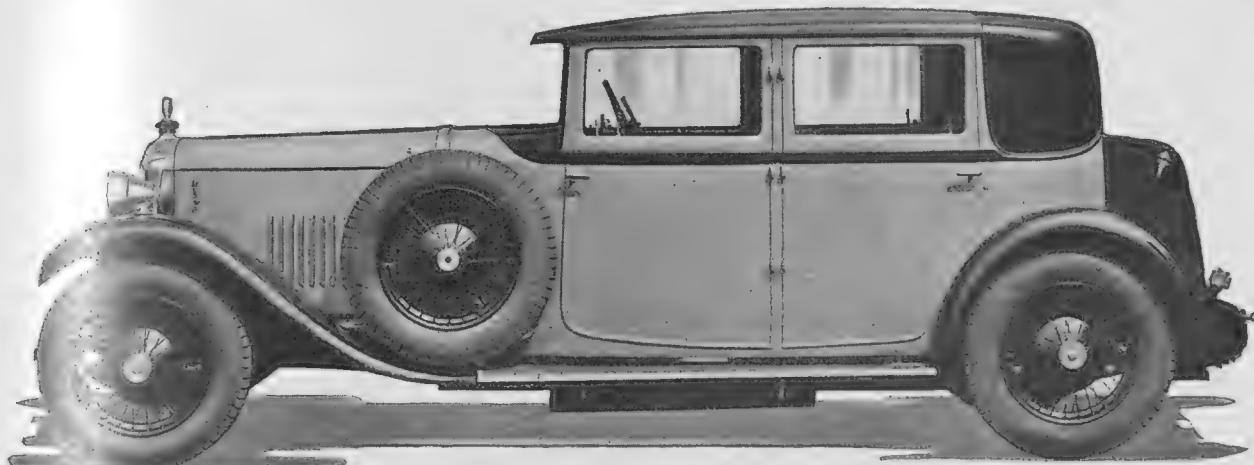


The Daimler "Double-Six"

The trend of automobile design as indicated by the recent International Exhibitions is markedly towards the super multi-cylinder engine, thus following the lead given by Daimler in 1926 when the first twelve-cylinder or "Double-Six" sleeve-valve engine was introduced.

The Daimler "Double-Six" is the ideal engine for the high-powered luxury car.

"I had travelled down by train from Charing Cross, and I was far more jolted and shaken in the first-class carriage on that journey than when speeding along in this Double-Six Daimler at 50 miles an hour on the road. In fact, the car ran so smoothly at all speeds that the passengers were not shaken or jarred at all. Travelling by cars such as this multi-cylinder Daimler saves time, as this mode of transport is actually faster than the train from door to door."—Illustrated London News.



*Maythorn-Daimler Double-Six "30" Sportsman's Saloon.
Price complete, £1550*

Eighty years of practical experience is reflected in every piece of work bearing the name of Maythorn. From the careful selection of materials to be used to the final inspection and testing, every department is in the hands of skilled craftsmen who realise that only the closest attention to detail will maintain the high reputation enjoyed.

MAYTHORN & SON. LTD.

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THE DAIMLER CO. LTD. COVENTRY

Streaming Down the Great West Road—*two thousand cars an hour!*



OVER ROADS LIKE THIS THE VAUXHALL, BUILT FOR TO-DAY'S CROWDED THOROUGHFARES, CARRIES YOU COMFORTABLY AND SAFELY AT *marvellous high average speed*...

AT THE RATE of two thousand cars an hour, traffic pours down the Great West Road during the week-end rush.

To-day there are nearly a million and a half cars on Britain's roads—thronging the main highways, spreading over the network of lesser thoroughfares.

That is why it takes a car of *exceptionally high average speed*, built expressly for crowded roads, to avoid delays and hold-ups in the press of to-day's traffic — such a car as Vauxhall engineers have produced in the 1930 Vauxhall.

Wherever you drive, whether on smooth main road or rough by-way, up hill or down dale, the Vauxhall maintains a higher average speed with greater safety and comfort than many other cars costing far more.

A gap in the traffic. Now or never!

In a Vauxhall it is "now", because you can always be sure of getting through in time with the Vauxhall's acceleration to help you. In a car like this — which can race up from a standing start to 40 m.p.h. in only 15-16 seconds — you save time all along your route.



four speeds and suitable gear ratios give it fast climbing on very steep, long hills; and its powerful engine enables it to overhaul a long gradient of 1 in $14\frac{1}{2}$ in top gear while it accelerates from 10 to 30 miles an hour.

And, once away on an open road, it can wipe out distance with its 70 miles an hour or more of safe speed — *safe* because it is perfectly controlled by the famous Vauxhall brakes (they are far more powerfully efficient and more costly to make than ordinary brakes) which check the car's progress at a second's notice if need arises.

On sharp bends the long, soft springing, well-balanced steering and low centre of gravity make the Vauxhall particularly stable. If you are compelled to slow up on a bend it is usually because you cannot see round it, never because the Vauxhall would fail to hold the road.



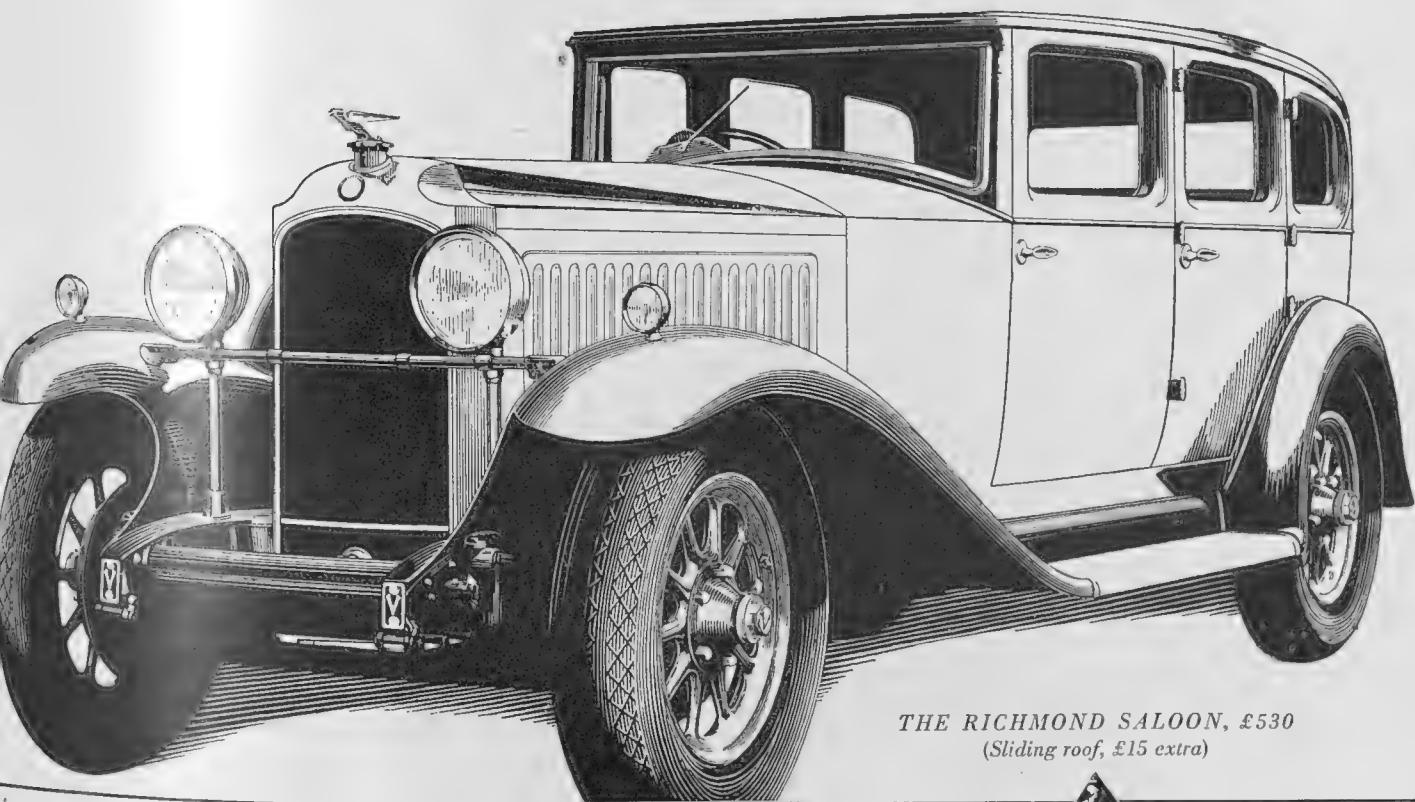
For all these reasons you dare to drive exceptionally fast in a Vauxhall — yet without taking the slightest risk.

And everything is designed for greater convenience and comfort. The pressure of the driver's foot on a pedal lubricates 28 points of the chassis at once. Brakes, steering, gear-change and controls are so finely adjusted that minimum speed is not tedious and maximum speed becomes sheer joy.

Hydraulic shock absorbers and amazingly fine springing make riding smooth and comfortable whatever the speed at which you happen to be travelling.

You have only to see the new Vauxhall models (built throughout by British workmen, from 97 per cent. British materials) to realize what exceptionally fine cars they are. Experts agree that their sheer beauty of line and finish places them in the very forefront among fine cars. There are six models, costing from £495 to £695. All are obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments.

See the new Vauxhalls for yourself! The Vauxhall dealer in your neighbourhood will gladly let you have one to drive. Or write for particulars to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9. Complete range of models on view at 174-182 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.



V A U X H A L L



A WEIRD STORY

"THE ORGANIST"

IT was a beautiful night. The brilliant moon spread its soft rays over the peaceful cathedral town and played like some great searchlight upon the weather-beaten tower of the old abbey, bleaching it to the smooth whiteness of marble against the dark back-ground of the night.

Quietly, as though awed by the silent majesty of the moon, the organist opened the gate in the cloister-walls and tiptoed up the cobbled path which wound its way through the ancient graveyard. Above him the overhanging yew-trees gently swayed their boughs to the will of the soft breeze, while the path presented a kaleidoscopic puzzle of ever-flickering and changing shadows. From its perch high up on an ancient pinnacle a white owl squawked its mocking warning to a large rat which scampered into the crack of an old tomb.

Now walking on the dew-laden turf which skirted the path, the organist glanced behind him and, as though fearful of the intense silence around him, turned up the collar of his coat and hastened his steps towards the north door of the abbey. Even before he had turned down the path which led to the door he pulled out his key-chain and fumbled through his bunch of keys until he had singled out the one that he wanted.

A moment later and he had disappeared into the deep gloom of the shadow cast across the door by one of the many flying buttresses. Hastily he inserted the key in the old-fashioned lock and, turning it, leaned his slight weight against the massive oak beams until the door slowly swung open on well-oiled hinges (for the clerk to the chapter was a conscientious man to whom no trifling matter, such as rusty hinges, connected with his beloved abbey was too small for his personal supervision).

Doffing his hat reverently, he closed and locked the door behind him, and turned to find the switch whereby he might turn on the electric lights that illuminated the great nave, but on glancing round he stayed his hand, for the whole edifice was so flooded with light by the coloured moonbeams which percolated through the stained-glass windows that he was able to find his way with perfect ease.

He advanced to the centre aisle and then turned to the left until he reached the iron gates beneath the organ-loft, which separated the nave from the chancel. Halting for a moment to pull out the keys again, he unlocked the gates and drew them together again sharply in order to ensure that the spring-lock engaged in the catch. Being satisfied that the gates had locked themselves properly, he made his customary bow to the altar, and turning to the right through a small doorway, climbed the spiral staircase which led to the organ-loft.

On reaching the top he walked across to the seat in front of the manuals. With slow deliberation he switched on the little reading-lamps above the music-rack, and then went back to the top of the staircase, where the organ music was kept in neatly-bound volumes. Selecting one of these at random, he returned to the organ-stool, opened the music, and decided on what he would play. He pulled out his watch and noted that the hour was ten o'clock. Then pressing on the switch which controlled the electric blower, he hastily plugged his fingers into his ears to prevent himself from hearing the eerie noise made by the great bellows being inflated with air. It was a childish action, but when one is alone in the utter silence of a moonlit cathedral one is apt to be prone to little human fears, however ridiculous they may afterwards appear.

A moment later he had plunged into the riotous cheerfulness of a Bach fugue. Then, as is often the way with a true musician, he lost all sense of time and of place in the soul-satisfying delight which he derived from his mastery of the magnificent instrument at which he was seated, and he began to extemporise at random until, with a horrible groan, the electric blower suddenly failed.

The change was amazing, for where a moment before there had been a glorious riot of music reverberating through the abbey, there was now a sudden deathly silence, which was broken only by the muffled chime of the great clock high up in the tower.

He flicked out the reading-lamps and sat erect as he listened to the deep, distant booming of the hour.

One!—a long pause—Two!—another pause—Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve!—then complete silence.

Terrified, though for no apparent reason, he sat frozen to his stool, and presently his heart began to throb wildly, for his sensitive ears had suddenly caught the sound of a key being inserted in a lock. Quickly he glanced at the north door through the tracery of the wood-carving that screened the organ-loft. There was no sign of movement there. Then the sound of a key being turned in a lock made him turn his eyes in the direction of the sound, and to his horror he saw one of the great west doors swing silently open and flood the far end of the nave in brilliant moonlight.

Clutching at the sides of the organ-stool, he gazed at the open door, and in a moment his fear had changed to mad terror, for although he could hear slow, shuffling steps clearly coming up the centre aisle, yet there was no sign of any human being to be seen.

With trembling knees he waited until the footsteps reached the iron gates which separated the nave from the chancel. He heard the click of the lock as it opened and the clang of the gates as they closed again. Then, as he sat there struggling for breath, and stifling a wild cry of terror, the footsteps shuffled on a few paces and then very slowly began to mount the staircase leading to the organ-loft.

Too weak with fear to move, the unhappy man sat there while the awful footsteps slowly mounted the stairs.

Suddenly he saw the ghastly apparition of a man with his throat cut from ear to ear leering at him from the top of the stairway, and with a scream of mortal terror he fell headlong from the stool in a dead swoon. As he fell his head struck an iron support, inflicting a hideous gash across the right temple, while a pool of blood slowly oozed towards the staircase and fell drop by drop down the steps.

Although a verdict of death by misadventure was returned by the jury of the subsequent coroner's court, the bishop confessed to his wife that he was by no means satisfied. As he pointed out to that admirable lady, since the year 1926, when old Tomkinson, the organist, had committed suicide in the organ-loft by cutting his throat, there had been no fewer than four successive organists, of whom one had also committed suicide, another had suddenly gone raving mad, a third had left hurriedly and refused to give an explanation, and now the fourth had come to an untimely end.

DAVID BEALEY.



AT THE PORTMAN POINT-TO-POINT

Lady Glyn, the wife of Sir Richard Fitzgerald Glyn, Bart., and Captain Pitt-Rivers, who was in the Royals, as also was Sir Richard Glyn. The Portman Point-to-Point was run at Higher Manston, near Sturminster Newton

LINCOLN  Fordson

New Ford comfort and beauty

New gleaming Rustless Steel — the same bright untarnishable metal all the way through — for water and petrol filler caps, hub caps, tail and head lamps, scuttle band and radiator shell. The new bright parts of the new Ford car cannot rust or wear shabby. New Ford beauty is built to endure.

New roomy bodies for added riding comfort.

New unique adjustable front seats for enclosed models — can be adjusted while driving.

New smaller diameter, larger hubbed, wider rimmed wheels — giving lower streamline beauty, added riding comfort, increased road holding ability and further safety.

New deeper radiator — 14 sq. ins. more cooling surface — low streamline grace promoted.

New improved springs for added riding comfort and holding the road.

New larger, longer bonnet for grace and distinction.

New streamline moulding and Rustless Steel scuttle band.

New and more powerful parabolic head lamps of Rustless Steel for added streamline harmony

New sun visor for all closed models, gracefully moulded to flow into the new beauty of the body.

New mudguards that sweep backwards in graceful curves, the rear ends coming much lower than previously.

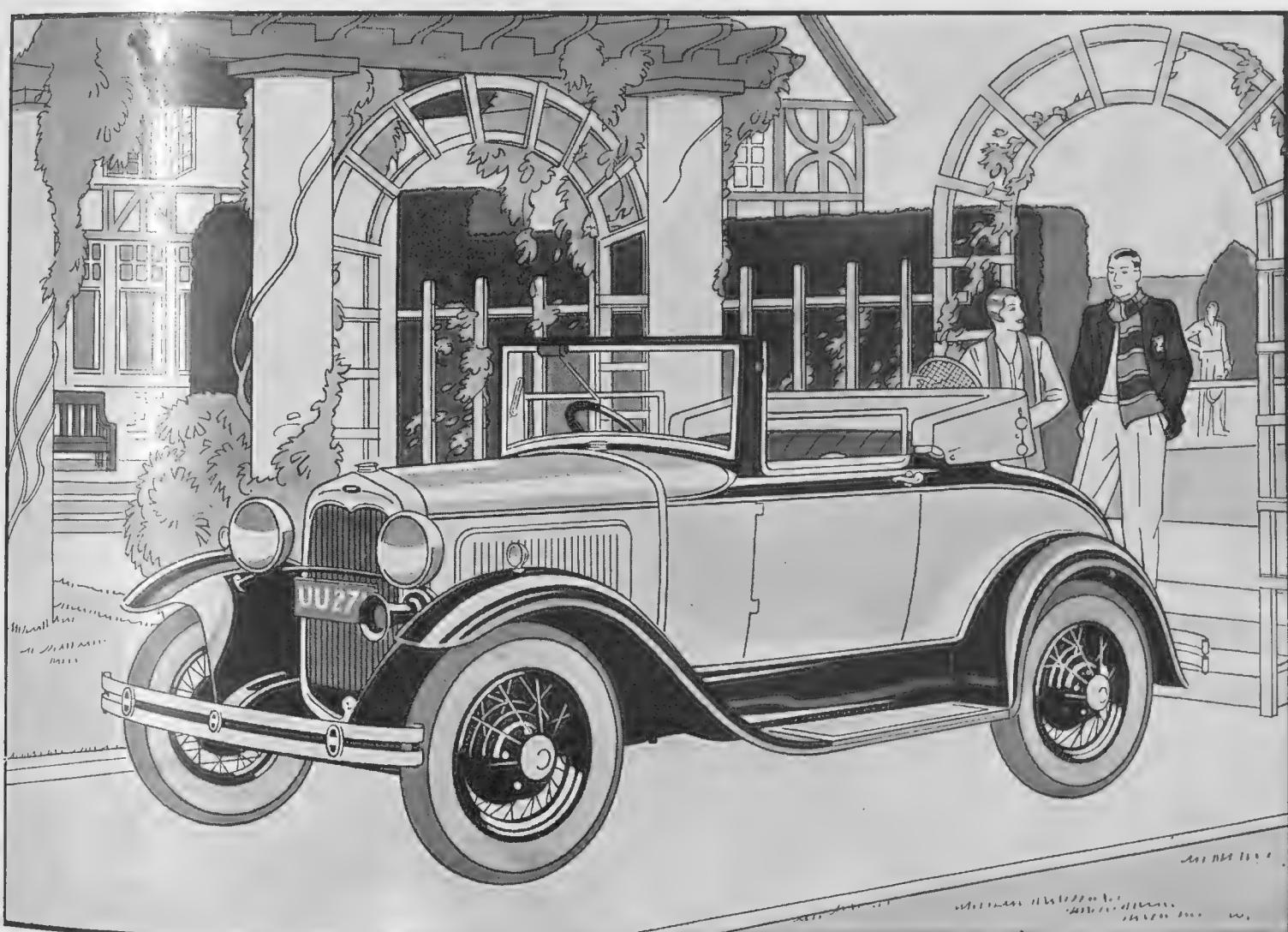
New flat top steering wheel, large diameter, thin rim, comfortable finger grips.

New handbrake lever situated alongside the gear lever.

New larger diameter, black, non-metallic horn button.

Fresh, new beauty from the new deep radiator to the curving tip of the new rear mudguard.

Prices : Tourer £180; Tudor Saloon £195; Coupé £215; Cabriolet £225; Fordor Saloon (3 windows) £225; De Luxe Fordor with sliding roof £245. All prices at Works, Manchester. Ford Motor Company Ltd., London & Manchester.



THE NEW FORD CABRIOLET



Winners in the Spring Medal Foursomes, promoted by "Britannia and Eve": Left to right—Mrs. Geoffrey Toye and Mrs. Walter Payne (Handicap Old Course), Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Pearson (Scratch Aggregate), and Mrs. Bell and Miss Wethered (Scratch Old Course)

THIS page for once is going to start on a frankly personal note, and crave indulgence if it is a little incoherent. Can you hope to be entirely collected and lucid after suddenly finding that you have more friends in the world than you could ever have believed possible—friends, moreover, who translate their feelings into anything so tangible as a beautiful diamond and platinum brooch with your initials, and a cheque to build castles if not in Spain then somewhere even more desirable. And then Miss Wethered to make the presentation, and say such kind things that you hardly knew which way to look and could think of nothing to say in return. All that happened at the end of the Spring Medal Foursomes organized by "Britannia" and "Eve," which were played at Sunningdale, and I am still cudgelling my brains how I can ever say "thank you," or let people know what intense pleasure their gifts and their friendship have given me.

Let us, however, get back to business, which is to describe the events of that day at Sunningdale, when Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Dorothy Pearson were so brilliant on the Ladies' Course and thoroughly steady on the Old, and Miss Wethered and Mrs. Bell did so wonderful a round on the Old Course in the morning that it looked as if they must carry all before them. Let us begin at the beginning, with the weather. It was a beautiful day. Both the Old and the Ladies' Courses were in perfect condition, every green rivalling every other in trueness. Conditions were certainly easier than when these foursomes were last held at Sunningdale, but the best golfers do not always make the most of their chances as they did this day, when a total six strokes lower than in any former year found its way on to the cups.

It was of course just the luck of the draw, but as it happened a thoroughly interesting circumstance, that the most brilliant scores of the morning were done on opposite courses, leaving those couples to fight it out over the reverse courses in the afternoon. Miss Wilson and Miss Pearson had conquered the Ladies', compiling 66 with golf which was almost flawless, except that Miss Wilson did not hole so many two-yard putts as she sometimes does. Miss Wethered and Mrs. Bell had done wonders on the Old with 78, and if anybody thinks that Miss Wethered alone was responsible, let them just reflect that they had five threes, and that no partnership can have that number of the most desirable figure unless both of them are doing their bit. In

and Miss Pearson, whom nobody else could pretend to oust from their position. As for the other prizes, handicap on the Old went to Mrs. Walter Payne and her sister, Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, after a tie with Mrs. Dermer and Mrs. Coullie, Miss Wethered and Mrs. Bell being ineligible.

Eve at Golf

By
ELEANOR E. HELME

spite of a 6 at the 2nd and a 7 at the 6th, Miss Wethered's side was out in 40, and came home brilliantly in 38. In the afternoon nothing would go right for them. As tea time drew on in came Miss Wilson and Miss Pearson after doing 82 on Old, they also having one 7 to contend with, and being helped, too, by getting all the short holes in 3. Their 41 each way was thoroughly good, and rapid calculations showed that Miss Wethered and Mrs. Bell must do 69 to better their aggregate. It was pretty soon evident that they would not manage it, and all they could do was to arrive in the second scratch aggregate place, four strokes behind Miss Wilson



Lady Alness and Miss Leetham, winners of Scratch on the Ladies' Course in the Spring Medal Foursomes, also took part in the L.G.U. International meeting at Ranelagh



At Sunningdale: Miss D. Hartill and Mrs. J. Mellor with Mrs. Percy Garon and Mrs. Guedalla. The last-named couple were the holders of the scratch aggregate

stars. But there have been, or will be, a good many changes; humps and hollows and fierce slopes are arising on and around the greens which were once havens of refuge after unequal encounters with bandstands and brooks; in the meantime some temporary greens are inevitable, on which putting was something of a nightmare, whilst the winter and the lack of new spring grass had made the rest of the game distinctly difficult. And then there were some new and longer tees, giving a bigger carry at the 12th, a dog-leg drive at the 13th, whilst a lower tee at the 14th added to the chances of finding the pond or the trees rather than the green. It was no good expecting anybody

(Continued on p. vii)

ASSOCIATION CUP FINAL.

Wembley Stadium. First opened for play on April 28th, 1923, when the Bolton Wanderers beat West Ham United two goals to nil. The capacity of the Stadium is 125,000, and it covers over 40 acres.



Johnnie Walker:

'That was a pretty bit of quick passing'

Sportsman :

'Yes, and you will be passing quickly at half-time'

Born 1820—Still going Strong

The Highway of Fashion

By M. F.

BROOKE

The "Prosperity Party."

VERY bright and amusing is the "Prosperity Party," a cabaret that C. B. Cochran has arranged at the Trocadero Grill Room. In the opening scene all the ladies appear in the latest fashions. They were specially designed and executed by The House of Reville in materials manufactured, printed, and dyed in Great Britain. The guests are C. B. Cochran's Young Ladies from the London Pavilion.

There are eight Wolsey girls who assume the rôles of mannequins; they wear outfits which are of fine Australian wool spun in Yorkshire and woven in Leicester, the home of the firm of Wolsey.

Contributions from Yarmouth and Devonshire.

The evening and afternoon dresses worn by the guests at the "Prosperity Party" demonstrate that never



Greensmith Downes, George Street, Edinburgh, are responsible for this three-piece ensemble and felt hat. The skirt is of chiffon, the cardigan of tweed-patterned stockinette, and the jumper of knit wool. (See p. iv)

It is from North of the Tweed that these shirts come. They are all British, and as they bear the name of Celest, wash and wear remarkably well. (See p. iv)

have fashions been more charming, graceful, and becoming; naturally they need an artistic interpreter like The House of Reville, whose fashion expert is Mr. Edward H. Symonds. Devonshire, usually associated with cream and sailors, has stepped from her pedestal and has contributed silk tulle and georgette for the fashioning of some of the frocks, while Yarmouth has departed from the bloater trade for the time being and has created georgette; then a tax has been levied on Nottingham for lace. Standing out with prominence among the chef d'œuvres is an evening affair in which white silk tulle and georgette share honours; it silhouettes the figure until the bend of the leg is passed, then there is a deep ruche of tulle, below which there are three graduated flounces. Neither must it be overlooked that there is a scarf which is lined with geranium-pink and is reinforced with a ruffle to match the one on the skirt. A tiny rivulet of crystals appears on the corsage. A garden-party picture dress is made of Lancashire voile; the ground is of a lovely shade of buttercup-yellow, the design being expressed in pastel colourings; the sash and bow are of artificial silk and cotton. An afternoon dress carried out in a Bradford fabric is a study in yellow and blue.

Painted Chiffons.

There are painted chiffons and painted chiffons. Those that Margaret Barry, 64, New Bond Street, W., is using for her evening dresses are on a plane apart; they suggest that a great artist is responsible for every individual touch. These creations are as simple as they are graceful; they are never permitted to stand alone, they must be supported by an abbreviated dolman, a capelet or zouave, or some accessory that covers the arms. Quite a new note is struck by a fichu, if such it can be called; it is really a cross between the Romney and the Romany. With these affairs it is essential that women create an old-world atmosphere. Modernity may be represented in the hair, which must be brushed back and treated with brilliantine to give the impression of sleekness, but softness is permitted at the sides, tendrils of loose hair and curls being introduced.

Berets and Voiles.

A new name must surely soon be found for the headgear that is now designated a beret as it has barely a bowing acquaintance with its prototype the basque beret. At Margaret Barry's there are many variations on this theme; they have to be fitted and arranged for each individual; those of taffeta are quite the smartest, nevertheless they can be rolled up into the smallest space imaginable. And now about the frocks that may be worn between the hours of 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. There are charming little things made of Rodier miniature checked voile; they are ever accompanied by a zouave or coatee in some form or other; gloves worn over the sleeves complete the scheme.

(Cont. on p. iv)



Simplicity is the salient feature of this sleeveless shantung frock. It is accompanied by a flowered shantung coat and hat. At Sarah Jane's, 19, Davies Street, W.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

All British.

Really the Celest frocks and shirts have such an enviable reputation wherever the English language is spoken that it seems quite unnecessary for me to dwell on their manifold advantages; it is indeed a case of good wine requiring no bush. The new spring models are ready, and this firm have beaten their own high record in introducing novel ideas in accordance with Fashion's commands; a trio of their specialities are pictured on p. ii. In the centre is seen a model with a "V"-shaped neck-line; as will be seen, it is destined to be worn beneath the skirt; the other models speak for themselves. They wash and wear extremely well; they are British-made.

* * * * *

North of the Tweed.

It is really very pleasant to shop North of the Tweed, especially in the salons of Green-smith Downes and Co., George Street, Edinburgh. Should distance prevent a visit to this establishment they will send their profusely illustrated catalogue, which shows that shopping by post is the simplest affair imaginable. They are responsible for the ensemble illustrated on p. ii. The skirt, with its particularly clever hip yoke, is of the new chiffon tweed, while the tweed-patterned stockinette cardigan is outlined with tweed, the jumper being of grey knit wool, and of this trio one can become the possessor for £10 10s., the fur-felt hat being 29s. 6d. extra; it is available in all the fashionable sizes and many colours. This firm likewise excel in tweed coat-frocks for 37s. 6d., the skirts being box-pleated across the fronts. The well-known Alba cardigans range in price from 23s. 6d. to 65s. 6d., the lace-stitch wool spencer coats being 10s. 6d.

* * * * *

Women Need Something New.

When the birds begin to sing and the woods are full of flowers, then it is that women need something new; as a matter of fact the "dress" urge becomes imperative and no attempt should be made to combat it. It is in Emmé's artistic salons that the dress illustrated on this page may be seen. It is carried out in georgette, and is available for 7½ guineas in all the fashionable evening shades, not overlooking black. The cape is a separate affair which greatly increases its charm. Note the clever manner in which the flounces are arranged on the skirt; they are of the greatest assistance in giving to the figure the accepted silhouette. It is not only in creating dresses for the young and slender that this notable dress artist excels, and although the prices quoted in the catalogue (sent gratis and post free on application) are more than pleasant the quality of the fabricating mediums are of exalted merit and the *cut sans reproche*. For instance there are moire evening dresses with the new cape back for 4½ guineas; this model may also be had in satin and georgette for the

same price. This is also the cost of fish net dresses. Black lace dresses with long sleeves, suitable for afternoon and dinner wear, are 6½ guineas. There is something different about the dresses here that appeals to all French and English women who have a reputation to maintain for being well dressed.

* * * * *

Fitu Figure Forms.

Some women seem to imagine that anything does for underneath, with the result that they never look well-dressed even if they have expended vast sums on



Picture by Blake

A FASHION EVENING DRESS

In Emmé's artistic salons, 84, Shaftesbury Avenue. It is of a lovely primrose shade of georgette; the becoming cape is a separate affair

their frock and its many accessories. For many a long day I have preached a crusade in favour of acquiring the very best in the realm of corsets—this accessory is known by a variety of names, but they all have the same missions to fulfil, viz., to support, protect, and mould the figure without the least compression, in the way that Fashion suggests. Among the pioneers in this respect are the Fitu Figure Forms. There are models for every type of figure from 18s. 11d.; they are practically sold everywhere. For the price mentioned there are models for average and full figures requiring abdominal support; the underbelt has an elastic inset, and there are similar insets over the hips and base of front; by the way the shoulder-straps are detachable. For the same price there are models with front-lacing for average figures; they are specially cut to emphasize the natural waist-line and slenderize the hips. There are wrap-away figure forms for full figures for 42s. 6d. Neither must it be overlooked that there is a splendid variety of Fitu Figure Form bandeaus, brassières, and belts from 2s. 11d.

* * * * *

Riding Breeches and Coats.

It seems almost incredible, nevertheless it is a fact, that the Bedford Riding Breeches Company, 19, New Quebec Street, Marble Arch, are making a feature of riding breeches from 21s. to 84s. They are perfectly cut, and as they are built by expert craftsmen they are accurate in every detail; and then there are riding jackets from 62s. 6d. to 150s. This firm likewise excel in the building of children's riding clothes and accessories, not overlooking boots, and whips. A few words must be said about the self-measurement instructions, as they have been compiled in a manner so simple and effective that perfect garments are assured. All interested in the subject must write for the illustrated catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. By the way, the requirements of men have by no means been overlooked.

* * * * *

Innovation Ingenuities.

There is always something new in the way of travelling paraphernalia at the Innovation Trunk Company's salons, 53, New Bond Street, W.; should distance or other circumstances prevent a visit the catalogue will be sent gratis and post free. All the trunks are fitted with space-saving devices which cannot fail to appeal to the experienced traveller. A most welcome novelty is a shoe-box; it is arranged to stand upright, therefore the shoes need not be unpacked but remain in position until needed; there is accommodation for twelve pairs. Again, there are toilet outfits in compact form; they weigh only a few ounces; they contain fittings in the new mother-of-pearl veneer; this obviates all breakage and cleaning troubles. Another new case has space for full-length coats and dresses; trays for hats, shoes, etc.



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. . . at a very moderate fee.



Miss Cecil Leitch, who played brilliantly in the International Meeting at Ranelagh, winning the Scratch prize on both days

Eve at Golf

(continued from p. 188)

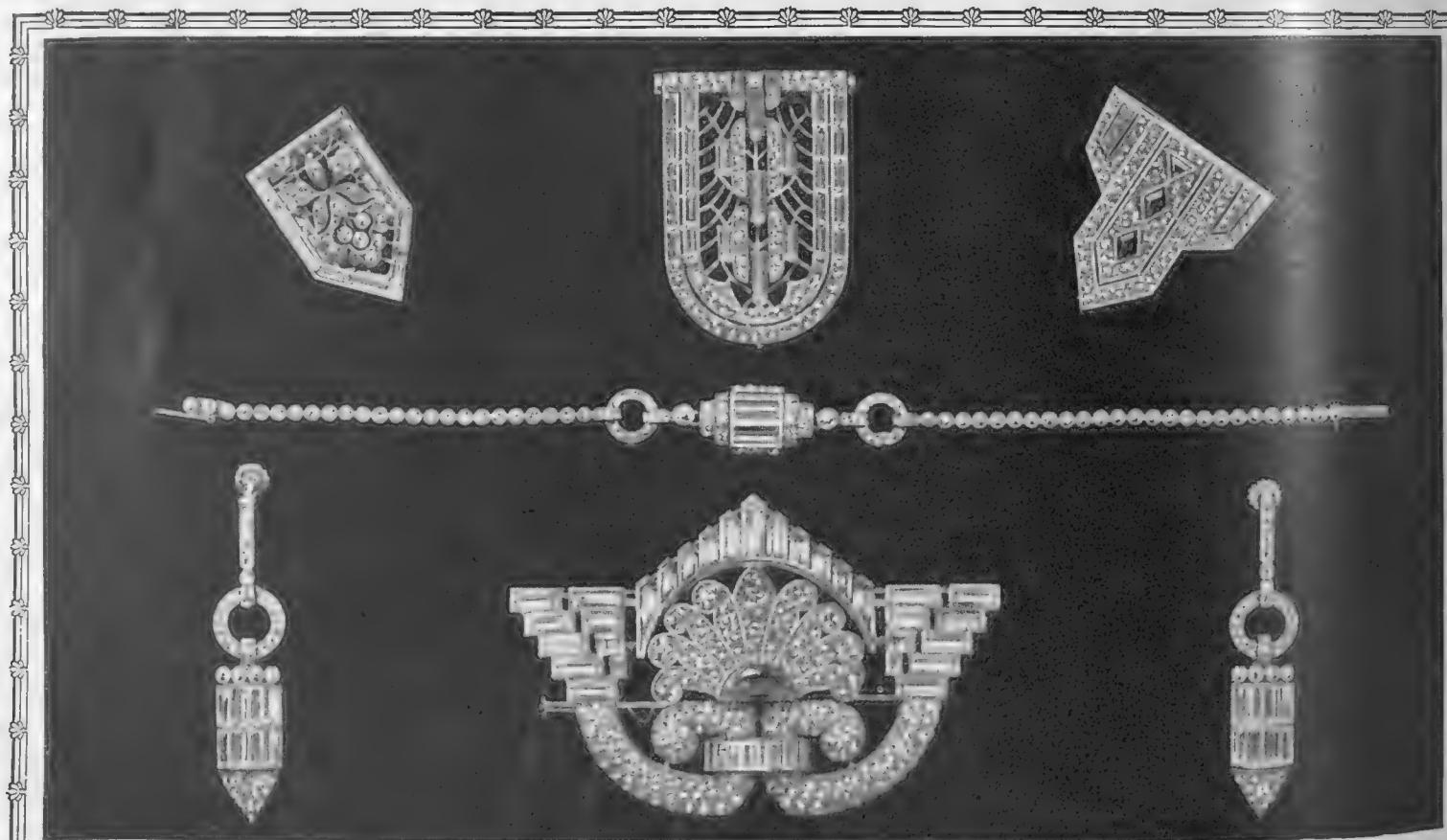
to do anything in the sixties gross; many an International had to be thankful for the small mercy of being in the seventies, and some could not even remain in the eighties. All of which shows that Ranelagh is very far from easy, and has certainly never been harder than on the first day this year, although there was virtually no wind. The ornamental fowl could unfold some strange tales of disasters if they could and would, whilst the stone lady who sniffs a rose so plaintively beside the new putting course would surely have needed good strong smelling-salts instead if she could have descended from her pedestal and tried to find the route to the holes. To get round in 40 was something hardly to be hoped for by even the best of putters. The main excitement of the day, though, was the fact that for a long time Ireland had the lead from England, and it was only Miss Cecil Leitch's 72, which tied with Ireland's best, 72 from Miss Pim, that cheered up England at all. Eventually England finished the day with a lead of five from Ireland, of thirteen from Scotland, twenty-seven from Wales.

Addington won the Pearson Cup with 298 for four gross scores, while for handicap honours Miss Pim and Mrs. Rowland Harker tied at 68 net, with Mrs. Percy close behind at 69 net.

What the end of it all was the next day must be retailed next week.



At the North Berwick Spring Meeting: In front—Miss Eileen Tweedie, Mrs. Dowding, and the Hon. Lady Clerk; back row—Miss A. Couper, Miss Ballantine, Mrs. Richardson, and Mrs. Leslie Balfour-Melville. Mrs. Dowding won the Handicap and Miss Tweedie tied for the Scratch Medal



For sparkle and beauty and originality of thought and design, our artificial jewellery is by far the most interesting in London. Here we illustrate a few of our newest hat clips and a dainty little bracelet in baguette and paste. The open design baguette and paste brooch in the centre is particularly fine and either side of it are earrings to match. But you should come and see the whole of our magnificent display—it is well worth a visit. Hat clips from 45/- each

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Secret Service in Red Russia—continued

belongings, but a few odds and ends came in useful. What eventually happened to my housekeeper I have no idea. I could not visit her any more after I had cut off my beard, as I didn't consider it safe to let her know I was in Russia.

That my transformation was complete I had several opportunities to convince myself. The most striking instance was a Tcheka search of which I was the quarry.

I had partially frozen both feet during my last passage across the frontier, and they caused me a lot of trouble. A doctor friend treated me, and his flat became one of my night haunts. In order to appease the suspicious curiosity of the hall-porter, whose duty was to keep an eye on all visitors, we let it be known that I was an invalid.

However, it wasn't convenient always to be uniformly invalid, so when I shaved and changed my disguise I changed my ailment to match. We pretended that I should be epileptic, and subject to sudden fits. After a few lessons from the doctor I became quite proficient.

To allay all suspicions I had one or two fits on the staircase for the special benefit of the hall-porter and his wife, who carried me up to the doctor's flat and laid me on the couch.

"You really oughtn't to let the poor fellow out alone," they said.

After my transformation I lived very quietly for a period, forming new associations, but in course of time it got whispered about, and firstly in the ears of the Tcheka, that the shadowy and evasive Englishman who had succeeded in communicating abroad so many Bolshevik secrets, was once more back in Russia and busier than ever.

The Tcheka spared no efforts to get on my trail. They sent special agents to Finland to learn



MISS LUCIA ST. MAUR AND CAPTAIN FETHERSTONHAUGH

At Fontwell Park 'Chases last week. The jumping season dies very hard as there were good fields in most of the races, and the going was super-excellent thanks to the recent rain

when and how I could once again have stolen across the frontier, with whom I was in touch in the Russian capital, and where I lived.

As I lived nowhere in particular this was pretty hard to find out.

But they did somehow discover that upon my return to Petrograd Doctor So-and-so had treated my feet for frostbite.

It took the Tcheka three months to find out even this much, and summer was approaching when they suddenly descended upon the doctor's house in the middle of the night.

Our preparations had been well made. I no longer limped from frozen feet. I had become an "epileptic."

The Tchekists as usual first inquired of the hall-porter details as to who frequented the flat and whether any strangers were there now.

"Patients sometimes stay there," the porter replied. "To-night a man is there who has fits. He sleeps in the study."

"Nobody else?"

"Nobody."

It was about four in the morning when I was awakened by tramping feet and strange voices in the corridor. I had no time to think what to do. Mine was the first room they entered.

I covered my head with the bedclothes and lay still. What I felt I won't try to describe.

"This is the study," someone said.

A man approached the couch. I learned afterwards that he was the chief investigator of the Tcheka, the gravity of the case having justified his personally conducting the search. He lifted the bedclothes and stared me in the face.

"And this must be the invalid," he added.

At this moment the doctor, who had hastily dressed, entered and demanded explanations. He was accused of having afforded assistance to an Englishman, generally known as "Pavel Pavlovitch," though he had many pseudonyms, who was

(Continued on p. 31)

THIS view in a corner of the Italian Garden at the Banbury House of Lord Birkenhead provides a charming picture of neatness and beauty. The grass verges and all lawns are maintained in their perfect condition by the ATCO Motor Mower, for even where economy and simplicity are secondary considerations the proved efficiency of the ATCO makes it the most attractive mowing proposition.

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Dunville's IRISH WHISKY

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that *true* whisky flavour"

Secret Service in Red Russia—cont.

"the head of the espionage organization of the British Government." "Pavel Pavlovitch" is my Russian Christian name and patronymic. The doctor must state at once where this Englishman is and all he knows about him.

Explaining "the patient on the couch must not be wakened," the doctor led the Tcheka agents into another room, and this gave me time to get rid of some very inconvenient papers.

It so happened that just at that time I was preparing for another flight from Russia, and had purchased from two Red army soldiers their passports, intending to use whichever appeared most appropriate. Thus I had no less than three passports in my pocket.

While the search proceeded in the other rooms I hastily burned two of these and hid the ashes in the stove.

I was back in bed when they came in to complete the search of the study.

"I have warned you," I heard the doctor say to the investigator, "that man on the couch is subject to fits, and ——" (this in a significant voice in my direction) "he may have an attack at any moment."

I took the hint. While the searchers hurriedly went through the desks and drawers I writhed and groaned on the couch. The doctor, administering his attentions, whispered to me, "Good boy, keep it up."

The searchers soon completed their work. They found some money I had not had time to remove, but nothing else.

But the evidence against the doctor was strong. He and his family were taken to the Tcheka, and the only people who were not arrested were myself and the cook.

The family were soon released, but the doctor was kept in prison and subjected to severe cross-examination. The Tcheka had irrefutable proof that he had seen and aided me. He put up the defence that I had come to him simply for medical treatment, he had no idea who I was, and received me as he would any other patient. But this defence was too weak to effect his release, for I was at the time the most important person for the Tcheka to catch and this was their only definite clue.

The doctor's daughter was allowed to visit him in prison daily, and I, living a more fugitive existence than ever, would meet her every evening in secluded spots to hear the news. I had fairly made up my mind to give myself up to the Tcheka if he were not set free.

The doctor was threatened with torture and death unless he revealed my whereabouts. The favourite practices of torture of the Tcheka at that time were terrorization by the rapid firing of revolvers close to the ear from behind; feeding on nothing but salt herrings without water; and the insertion of needles beneath the quick of the fingers.

But the doctor got off, and in an amazing way.

"You dare not shoot me," he declared to his judges, "because I am a personal friend of Lenin."

It was true. The doctor was a Socialist—not of the Bolshevik kind, but a genuine one. In Tsarist times he had not only held advanced Liberal views but actively assisted persecuted revolutionaries, and twenty years before, when Lenin was in prison, had smuggled food to him and carried his secret correspondence.

"Send me down to Moscow," he boldly said, "and if Lenin does not recognize me and confirm what I say, then shoot me at once."

They did not believe him, but were afraid lest it *might* be true and Lenin should hear of it. The doctor was sent down to Moscow under escort. He was conducted into Lenin's presence in the Kremlin Palace. Lenin recognized him and wrote with his own hand a letter as follows:

Dear ——,

This is to confirm that you did me a great service many years ago, which I have not forgotten, and for which I am profoundly grateful.

N. LENIN.

At the same time he wrote an order to drop the case against the doctor completely.

An amazing and wonderful person, the doctor! When I first met him he was running a dinner-room—clandestinely, for such philanthropy was against the law—for the children of destitute intellectuals, who were hounded down by the Reds as "bourgeois" and refused food-cards. I never knew him take a fee, and he treated Communists, "bourgeois," and aristocrats all alike.

The Tcheka investigator who looked me in the face when I was in bed, and who conducted the case against the doctor, came to a strange end. An enemy in his own camp, it was said, placed on his table an innocent-looking hand-bag containing a bomb. What more natural, when the investigator entered, than to open the bag to see what it contained, and he and two assistants were blown to atoms.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Every

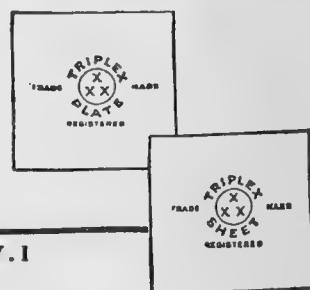
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Pictures in the Fire—continued

country, *sans* pig, and therefore is not recognized in the official record of the Kadir Cup, but the fact that a 4th Hussar won it is of interest in view of subsequent events. Mr. Grant, 4th Hussars, was the owner of Kate Kearney, who won it in 1878, and she was ridden by Captain Hutchins, who I believe was in the regiment. Then we come to this more recent series: Captain Scott-Cockburn, 1924, 1925, on Carclew; Captain K. J. Catto, 1926, on Jack; Captain Scott-Cockburn, 1927, on Carclew; Captain Nugent Head, 1929, on Bullet Head. I understand that a movement is afoot to establish a challenge trophy instead of, or rather in addition to, the money equivalent of a cup, and that it has had backing in very high places. I think that it is quite wrong that there should not have been a challenge trophy all these years, and I hope this scheme fructifies. For the Calcutta Paperchase Cup, which I take leave to think is the second roughest and hardest ride in India, a challenge trophy was established about twenty-five years ago, and anyone winning it three times was entitled to keep it, and a new trophy was to be provided with all the winners' names engraved on it. No one has yet managed to win either the Calcutta Paperchase Cup or the Kadir three years in succession, and I doubt whether anyone ever will. Both things take a power of doing, and though some have won both twice running, it is not a case of "third time lucky."

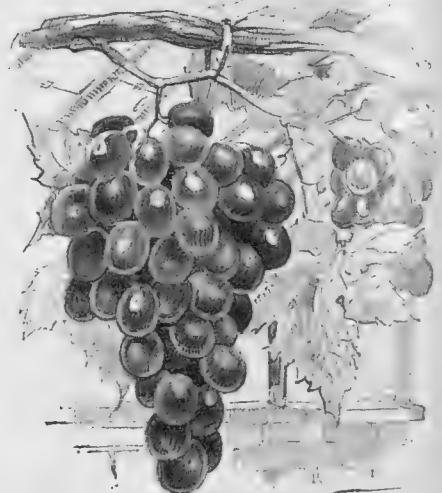


MAHARAJAH RUNJEET SINGH

From an old print in "The Hog-hunters' Annual"

This quaint old picture of the greatest of the Sikh chieftains, who was born in 1780, is the Frontispiece of "The Hog-hunters' Annual," Vol. III, a most excellent production recently reviewed in these columns. One of the editors discovered the original picture in a small shop in an Indian bazar

MODERN GREENHOUSES



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Who has not wished for a camellia to ease the morning's petulance?

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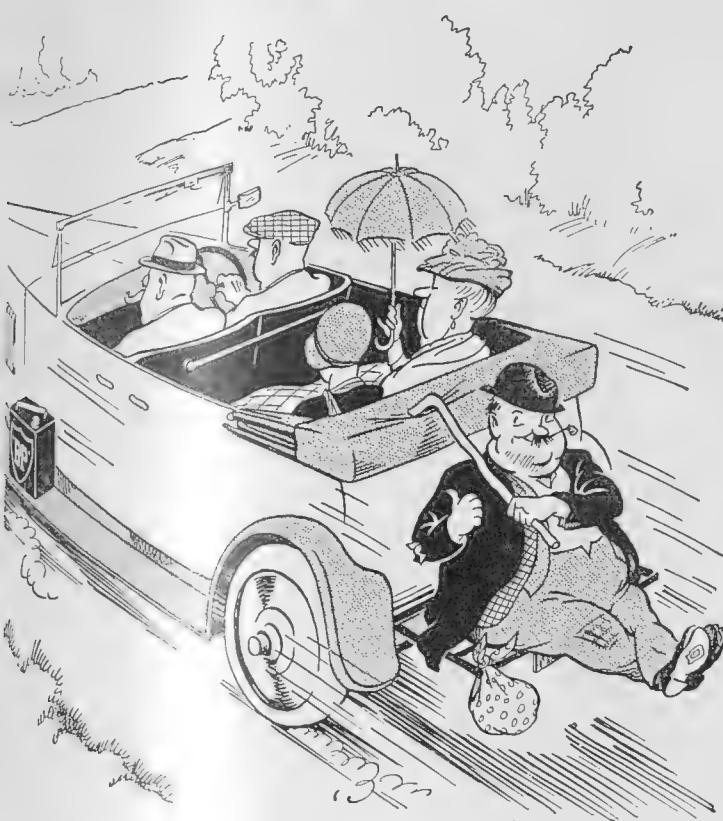
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NEW YORK

The other day when I was lunching with someone who is far too modest to allow me to mention his name, but who incidentally was the first officer of the British Army to fly on manoeuvres, and by the same token took a bumper of a fall without dislodging the eye-glass which is never out of his eye, we evolved a little scheme for linking up flying and fox-hunting next season, and thought it might interest Colonel Edwards, who is the managing director of National Flying Services. We worked things out roughly like this: that an organization should be formed

for encouraging and facilitating hunting by air, that aerodromes should be arranged in the most fashionable hunting centres, for instance, Melton, Oakham, Rugby, Grantham, Leamington, and Cirencester; that hunters for hire should be stabled somewhere near these aerodromes, and a fixed fee should be charged for air transport to the aerodrome, the hire of the hunter, and the cap for the hunt in question. Perhaps it will be necessary to educate the wealthy young man a little more regarding aviation before such a scheme would be possible. It seems to me, however, that something like this might be tried for one particular hunt in the first instance. I should think something might be worked to aid the people who would be too late for the fray if they went by ground transport. Anyway here is an idea for the N.F.S. to elaborate. Landing grounds appear to me to be the only difficulty. These I am told are not an insuperable obstacle. There is one close to Grantham, and I expect at some other places they are arrangeable.

Popular Phrases Illustrated

Taking a back seat



A tramp who was feeling the heat
Remarked as he took the back seat.

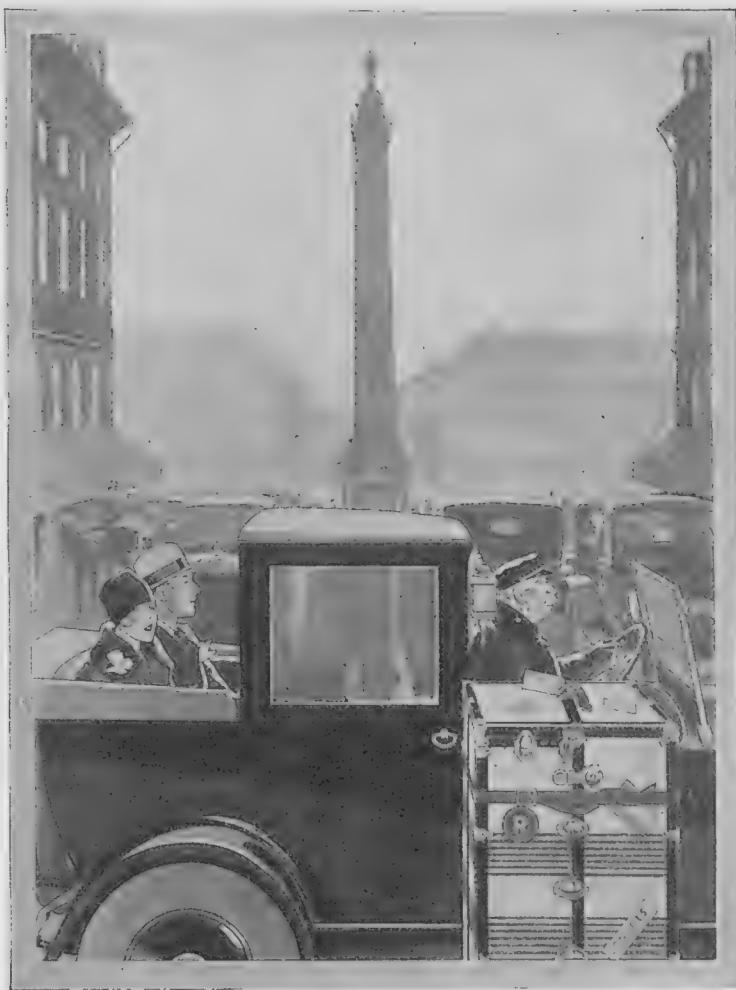
"No walking for me!
I'll run - on "BP" —
For it's used by the driving élite"



Puts New Life into Your Car

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD

British Petroleum Co Ltd. Britannic House Moorgate. E.C.2. Distributing Organisation.

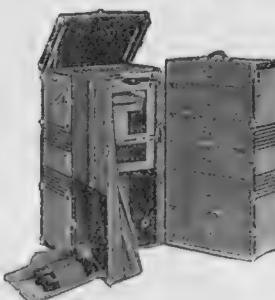


Here—
but not everywhere

YOU see Chief Oshkosh on passing taxis in the Place Vendôme. You often see him being hiked aboard the yachts at Malta. Like as not you will meet him also in far Cathay ; but do not imagine that he is everywhere. By no means. In Mudcombe-on-Slow or Tripperstown you will seek him in vain for he is not everybody's luggage. No, rather not! Chief Oshkosh is the trunk of the people who insist on *good* luggage

Sold at Harrods, Selfridges, John Pound, The Revelation Suit Case Company, Aquasol, Austin Reed and other well-known West-End shops, also Forsyth's in Glasgow. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Oshkosh Trunks, write to Oshkosh, Kingsway House, Kingsway, London. Telephone, Holborn 7082 (interesting booklet sent on request)

OSHKOSH TRUNKS



One of the big Oshkosh Chiefs—There is a whole tribe of them, ranging all the way down to little cases for the motor or the train. This large wardrobe has a built-in dust door and laundry carrier that proves a boon on long journeys

Weddings and Engagements

MISS BETTY SWIFT *Hay Wrightson*

The twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Swift, who is to marry Mr. Wenman Humfrey (Kit) Wykeham-Musgrave

Marrying Shortly.

Captain Michael Walling, M.C., Royal Sussex Regiment, and Miss St. John Mildmay have fixed April 28 for their wedding, which is to take place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street; on the following day, the 29th, Mr. William Sherwood Mockett is to be married to Miss Evelyn King at Oldswinford Parish Church, Stourbridge; next month, May 10, is the date of the marriage of Mr. Ian Thorpe and Miss Agatha Lucey, which is to be at St. Mary's, Fittleworth, Sussex.

* * * *

Recent Engagements.

Mr. Hugh Gawtry Collins, son of Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Collins, New York City, and Miss Frances Oliver Fisher, daughter of Mr. W. B. Fisher of San Francisco and Mrs. A. L. Fisher, 110A, Fulham Road, S.W.; Major C. W. Bayne-Jardine, D.S.O., M.C., Royal Artillery, third son of the late Rev. D. Bayne-Jardine and Mrs. Bayne-Jardine of Crix, Binfield, Berks, and

MRS. HEATHCOTE WILLIAMS *Yeovonde*

Whose marriage took place on April 17 to Mr. Heathcote Williams the well-known barrister. Before her marriage she was Miss Mary Robinson, and is the twin daughter of Major C. D. Robinson, M.C.

MISS GWENLADY SIMS *Banbury*

Who is engaged to Captain Benjamin W. Richards, late of the Indian Army, of Riversdale, Bourne End, Bucks

Miss Isabel A. Forman of 27, Rutland Court, S.W., second daughter of the late Mr. Charles Forman, Civil Engineer, Glasgow; Mr. John Leslie Thornton, L.D.S., R.C.S., second son of Dr. and Mrs. Thornton of Eastnor Cottage, Reigate, and Miss Muriel Florence Bunch, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bunch of St. Clair, Finchley, Mr. Aylmer Herbert Porter, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Porter of Wancom, Compton

Surrey, and Miss Clarice Wallace McGregor, only child of the late Mr. Edward Wallace McGregor and Mrs. Julian Parr of Sunny Lands, Mandelieu, France; Mr. Alexander George Wingate Gray, younger son of Colonel and the late Mrs. Wingate Gray of Nunraw, Haddington, Scotland, and Miss Linda Clarkson Birch, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Birch of Eastridge, Kent; Mr. Geoffrey Herbert Brown, younger son of the late Mr. Herbert Baldwin Brown of Finefield, Slough, and Mrs. Herbert Baldwin Brown of Finefield, Gerrards Cross, and Miss Ursula Oetzmam, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Oetzmam of Pinehurst, Gerrards Cross, and Horning, Norfolk.

CHARMING SPOTS IN THE WEST COUNTRY



Chiselborough, near Yeovil

A quiet old village in the sunny West Country near the home of St. Ivel Lactic Cheese. A delicious soft creamy cheese with a mild cheddar flavour. It contains phosphates and lactic cultures which aid digestion and tone up the system. It is the only cheese ever awarded a Gold Medal by the International Medical Congress.

AIDS DIGESTION

Fresh up from Somerset every morning.
Prices 2d. and 8½d.

St. IVEL
LACTIC CHEESE

APLIN & BARRETT & THE WESTERN COUNTIES CREAMERIES LTD., YEOVIL, SOMERSET.
Proprietors of the famous Golden Meadow Butter.

Liverish People Need
Vichy-Célestins

IN the famous Vichy-Célestins Natural Mineral Water, Nature supplies just those salts and other mineral elements which repel liverish tendencies.

Vichy-Célestins is a natural orderly which helps the liver to function normally. Its gentle stimulating effect is welcomed in all cases of sluggishness. It clears the blood-stream from all impurities.

Vichy-Célestins is very pleasant to the taste, and may be taken at meals either alone or mixed with light wines or spirits.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

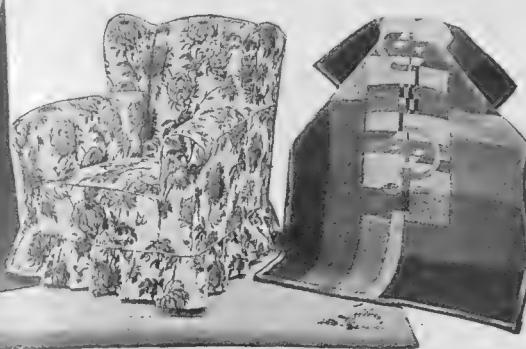
CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road,
London, S.E.1.



CARPETS
CURTAINS
CHAIRS
COVERS



ILLUSTRATED above is the Chrysanthemum applique curtain in two contrasting shades; the Siesta all-hair double-sprung wing easy chair, 7 Gns. (or with Loose Cover in cretonne to match curtain, 9 Gns.); the modernist Axminster rug on the right, 6 ft. x 3 ft., 63s. 9d. : the Donegal rug in foreground, 6 ft. x 3 ft., 99s. 6d.

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Our showrooms are almost opposite CLAPHAM NORTH TUBE STATION and are easily reached by Tube in about 15 minutes from any London Terminus. Hours of business: 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.; Saturday 1 p.m.

Williamson & Cole Ltd
Furnishing Specialists
The Home Beautiful

WEST END SHOWROOM - 92 REGENT ST. W.I. - GERRARD 2511.



A very dainty Frock in apricot organdie muslin over taffeta silk. The neck and skirt are adorned with small pink flowers and embroidered foliage. Rows of frills finish the skirt and bodice.

Size 30" 12 gns.

The Hat also is in organdie, trimmed on the crown to match the frock 49s. 6d.

Russell & Allen

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BRADLEYS

CHEPSTOW PLACE · W.2 :: PARK 1200



Advantageous purchases of first quality Silver Foxes enable us to offer exceptional value in these beautiful pelts. Prices range from 35 gns. upwards.

Other inexpensive Fur Ties in Moleskin, from £3.19.6; dyed Fox, etc., from 10½ gns.

Bradleys
Chepstow Place Ltd
London, W.2.
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

Petrol Vapour—continued

expedition. Here was I obviously busy; Mrs. P. V. was having a nap; the gardeners and the maids were occupied. So in defiance of the law, they went off hunting plovers, a diversion for which they have a great weakness. Now it chanced that I ran short of nails (I love shoving a nice clean wire nail into a nice bit of wood), and must therefore dash off to the local townlet in Clementina. Past experience has informed me that I could have whistled and shrieked for those pups without avail. But as I went down the road I saw the movement of cream-coloured scuts over the ploughland, and almost instantly I was held up by three outraged (if delinquent) little faces. "Ods bones, and livers, and lights, and kidneys," they unanimously said. "You can't be going out without us!" I reached back and opened a door, and those Jaeger woolly-bears just tumbled in with the enthusiasm of a peri entering the gates of Paradise. Don't you go for to tell me that they were keen on being with their daddy, 'cause I know better. Once I hugged that notion to my manly bosom . . . but the truth is great, and it must prevail. No! those dogs meant to have a ride in a motor-car, or rather, I would say, in one of the motor-cars that they regard as their personal property.

Thenceforward they trod upon me, scratched me, bruised me, pawed me, and clawed me, knocked my hat off and licked the back of my neck, until I unwound the windows to give them that magnificent rush of air in which they so greatly delight. Now what I want to know is this. How did those devils, for devils they most certainly are, know that Clementina was approaching them? They were a good quarter of a mile off ere she came out of the gate. And why should they prefer riding in a saloon to the delectable recreation of doing the "Nosy Parker" stunt upon innocently mating pee-wits? Search me! I don't know why, but I do know these are facts. In future therefore all my old copies of "The Motor" and "The Autocar" are going to be sent to the kennels, together with the innumerable circulars that I am honoured to receive. Yes, the technical Press is going to the dogs.

Motor Notes and News.

A cablegram has been received from Mr. and Mrs. Martin-Johnson, whose thrilling adventures have already been portrayed in the Simba film, and who are now engaged on another big expedition, in which these intrepid travellers pay striking testimonial to the Willys-Knight cars and Manchester trucks which form their means of transport. The cablegram states that the explorers have covered over 4,000 miles on a sixty days' safari on almost impassable trails, despite which all the seven Willys-Knight cars and Manchester trucks are in perfect condition. The performance was wonderful and no trouble was experienced; and to

quote Mr. Martin-Johnson, "I know of no other cars that would stand up under such severe and cruel service."

Messrs. J. A. Stevens, Ltd., of Upper Rathbone Place, London, W.1, who are sole agents for Bosch production for Great Britain and Ireland, have just issued an attractive folder featuring their attractive series of advertisements of Bosch plugs etc., "The Man for Efficiency." A post card to Messrs. J. A. Stevens will bring you a copy post free.

It will be remembered that the chairman of Swift of Coventry, Ltd., in his speech to the shareholders at the annual general meeting last October made a reference to certain

tentative proposals in connection with a merger scheme between companies in the motor trade which had been put before the directors of this company. He stated that the directors had come to the conclusion that the proposals did not offer any satisfactory basis for negotiations. It has come to the knowledge of the directors that within the past few weeks statements have been made in certain newspapers and other quarters implying that this company is still a party to or interested in certain merger proposals. No proposals of any kind in connection with merger scheme have been placed before the directors of the Swift of Coventry, Ltd., nor have they any such proposals either under consideration.



WHERE DRILL AND FLANNEL CLOTHES ARE THE MODE
A Singer Junior sports model competing in a hill-climb in Singapore

EASY RIDING IS ONE GOOD REASON FOR SELECTING A NEW MARMON BUT ONLY ONE OF MANY!!

Motoring in one of the new Marmon Eights is something quite fresh—a vivid and speedy experience. Flashing acceleration, speed, smoothness, supreme riding comfort and remarkable ease of control—the new Marmons have them all. And their appearance matches their mechanical excellence. Before making your final choice see the new Marmon range—better still, have a run in a Marmon. There is a thrill waiting for you!

Marmon - "R" from £440.
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Big Eight from £965.

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MARMON EIGHT CYLINDER CARS



AN OLD FRIEND LONG
BEFORE IT IS AN OLD CAR

The beauty of friendship as compared with relationship lies in the fact that whereas your relations are made for you, you can choose your own friends.

That is one reason why you should choose a "Standard" as your next car—you'll never make a better friend.

The "Standard Nine" Teignmouth Saloon,
£215

The "Standard" 2-Litre,
6-Cyl. Envoy Saloon,
£340

The All-British
Standard 9
TEIGNMOUTH SALOON.

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the Ambassador's credentials

Maturist of the mature . . . mellowest of the mellow . . . whisky with a bouquet and flavour that has convinced the sceptics, that has thrilled the connoisseur. Ambassador . . . as fitting a name to this fine old whisky and as sound a testimony as an Ambassador's credentials.

*Applications will be considered
for territory where extensive
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BLOCH
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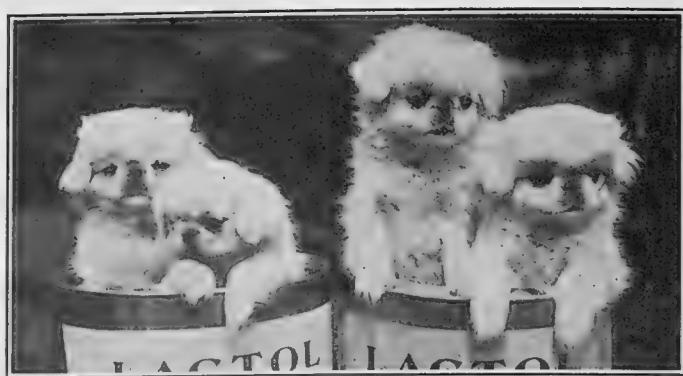
Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Meetings of the Finance and Show Committees were held on April 4, presided over by the respective chairmen, Lady Faudel-Phillips and Lady Howe. Much business was transacted.

I feel I am always repeating myself in constantly reminding our members of our Open Show and the date of the closing of entries, April 28. The show promises to be a specially good one this year, with several new features. This is the only big show held in London itself during the summer, and always attracts many visitors from other countries. Olympia is so easy of access, and we all go there so often, that no one has any excuse for not going. The second day will be specially interesting, as it is the day when the specials are judged; also the Children's classes and the Alsatian Obedience classes. These last promise to be of special interest, and by kind permission of the Kennel Club, Alsatians entered in these classes *only* need only attend the second day. The Children's classes are very attractive; dogs belonging to children need only be at Olympia at 2.30 on May 15, and can leave immediately after judging, so these should fill well. As I have already said, our President, H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, has kindly consented to attend the show and give away the prizes in the Children's classes. Our members should make a point of seeing that this show, the only show run entirely by women, has a record entry this year.



AUSTRALIAN TERRIER
The property of Mrs. Bassett



WHITE PEKINGESE PUPPIES
The property of Mrs. Goad

her large kennel of Pekes and Griffons, and her boarding kennel, too much, she would like, if possible, to find a partner. Her dogs are famous and always in lovely trim. Mrs. Goad makes a speciality of house training, which is most useful.

From time to time Australian terriers have appeared in England; at some of our shows before the War there were quite a number benched. Then they seemed to die out in England, which was a great pity, as they are attractive little dogs, thought a lot of in the land they come from, and have many advantages, one being that they are very game little things, and yet of a small size which makes them convenient to take about. A determined effort is being made to reintroduce them, they have been recognized by the K.C., and a club has been formed to look after their interests. Chief among their supporters are Lady Stradbroke and Mrs. Bassett, who sends a photograph of one of her dogs, and some most interesting notes. She says, "These small and very sporting terriers average in height about 10 in. and weigh about as much. They are particularly good at following to heel, and even in London I have never mine on a lead." Mrs. Bassett has some puppies for sale.

Miss Tueley sends a photograph of some fox-terrier ladies she has for sale. They are nice pups, seven months old, well-bred and well-marked.

Would anyone give a good outdoor home to a puppy six months old. He is half a spaniel, black and white, strong, healthy, and has a sweet disposition.

Letters to Miss BRUCE,
Nuthooks, Cadnam,
Southampton.



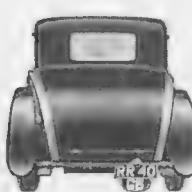
FOX-TERRIER PUPS
The property of Miss Tueley



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since 1760



ARTHUR MULLINER Sports Type Enclosed Limousine
on Phantom II Rolls-Royce Chassis with large Luggage
Compartment incorporated in rear.



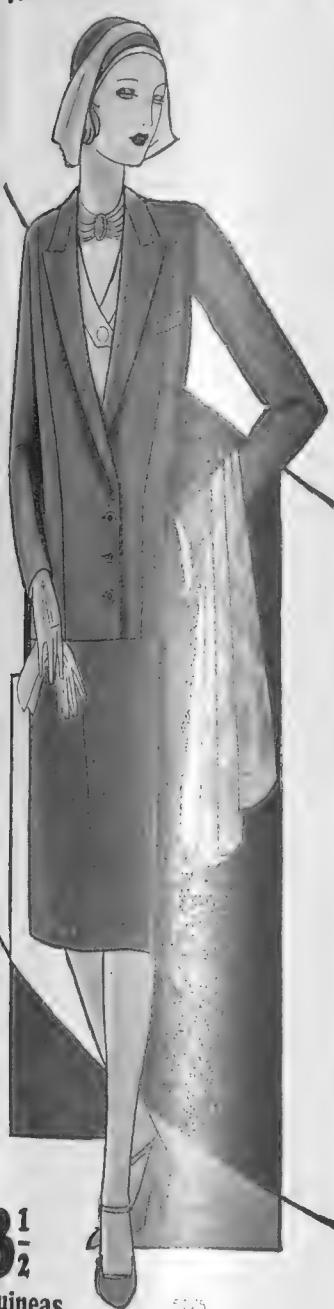
A rear view of
body illustrated.

May we quote you for your next car or body carried out
to your own exclusive tastes?

ARTHUR MULLINER LTD
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TAILORED SUITS



1
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Guineas

This becoming suit is in pure worsted material with spotted check design and has the adaptable wrap-over skirt. Coat lined silk.

Colours: Black, Navy, Nigger.

Sizes: S.W., W., O.S.

Other colours to order in seven days. Call or write for new Catalogue M.2 of Costumes, Knitwear and Frocks.

POST ORDERS — Any garment sent post free on receipt of remittance. Money refunded in full if not satisfied.

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64, George Street, East Croydon.

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TENNIS WRAPS by LILLYWHITES



T. 110 — Tailored Coat in self-coloured French Velour. In Mustard, Nil Green, Rosée and Beige. **3½ Guineas**

T. 111 — Coat in Pyrenees Wool, Hand Embroidered in shades of Orange, Green, Copper or Orchid on Beige Ground. **6½ Guineas**

Made to order in White.

T. 112 — Hand Embroidered Coat of Beige or White Pyrenees Wool. Various colourings. **3½ Guineas**

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PRE-EMINENT FOR SPORTS CLOTHING

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Cash's
WASHING RIBBONS

Ideal for permanent shoulder straps. Made in a variety of patterns and colours and can be obtained from all drapers.

Write for Cash's Book of Ribbons, which contains actual patterns. Sent FREE on request.

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rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

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NEW BIRTHDAY BOOKS

(Size 4½ in. x 3 in.)

The Great Poets.—Selections from the works of Wordsworth, Tennyson, &c., &c.—one month to each poet. Cloth, Gilt top, **1/6** nett.

Of all Booksellers.
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (Publishers), LTD.
6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4.

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

Fashionable Coiffures Look "Natural."

The tendency of the coiffure this season is to follow the example of the fashionable figure and look "natural." This does not mean, however, straight, unbecoming locks, but hair dressed in broad waves which have no suspicion of "tram-lines" about them. The coiffure sketched here, for instance, achieves the soft, becoming waves by permanent waving, the work of the Maison Nicol of 170, New Bond Street, W. This well-known house always adapt their method to the latest whim of fashion. The same coiffure can be carried out in the Pomprett transformation, which is indistinguishable from nature.

New Jewels for Old.

The magician in the story offered new lamps for old. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W., allocate to themselves no magical powers, but they claim great skill in almost magical transformations. A very important side of their activities consists of remodelling old jewellery, the turning of old into new. It often happens that an elaborate setting in the temporary taste of fifty or sixty years ago obscures the beauty of a really fine jewel, or again, the form the jewellery takes is a form not adapted to modern dress, fine though it may be in itself. In such cases as these they will design a modern setting or a modern form in which the jewels will be used and displayed to advantage.

Northern Ireland or Ulster.

Surely there is no more attractive place for a holiday than Northern Ireland or Ulster; as is generally known it is part of Great Britain, and consequently there are no restrictions regarding Customs. Another point to be



Broader waves, which look absolutely natural, distinguish the coiffures of the season. They are achieved successfully above by the method of permanent waving which is a speciality of the Maison Nicol of 170, New Bond Street, London, W.

emphasized is that intending visitors can book from almost every large station in England, Scotland, and Wales to every large town in the North of Ireland. All interested in the subject must write to the Ulster Tourist Development Association, Belfast, who will forward full particulars regarding the attractions and the cost.

From Italy to Claridge's.

For many years M. Ghelardi was well known in Italy; prior to that he controlled the Savoy; for a short time he was at the Cecil, but now he may be seen at Claridge's as general manager. He is a Roman by birth and one of the most famous of hoteliers.

The Advice of Prince George.

H.R.H. Prince George, K.G., made a most interesting speech at the National Advertising Benevolent Society's Festival Dinner. Among other things he stated: "Truth is very important in advertising, for it would be useless to turn a 'flood light' on to any article which cannot stand this searching light. At the same time it is obvious that any article that stands this test must be a good one, and a credit to the maker who recommends it and whose name it bears." Then he said he believed "that there was a time when Great Britain's industrial position was too strong to be challenged. Those were the hey-days of Britain's trading. There was then little need for any added illumination. The world could not fail to notice the size of Britain's emporium, and knew by experience the 'bargains' to be got there. But that emporium was for a time closed for a five-years' diversion from business to the stern business of War."



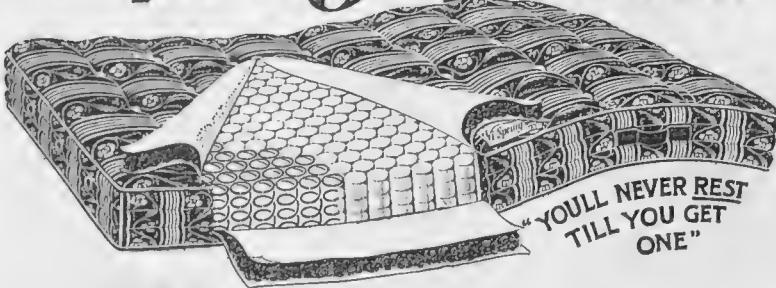
Sleeplessness-

is it the fault of your Mattress?

Those who cannot sleep often fail to realise that the cause of their trouble lies in the mattress.

For sound sleep rest on a "Vi-Spring" —the overlay mattress which is specially constructed to give correct bodily support. Every inch of its surface is supported by soft, resilient springs which free the sleeper from the spinal distortions created by the hard, lumpy mattress. On the "Vi-Spring" the sleeper lies in a natural, easy repose, enjoying luxurious comfort that promotes sound, health-giving sleep. When purchasing look for the registered name "Vi-Spring" and trade-mark.

Vi-Spring Mattress



Sold by all leading House Furnishers. Write, or 'phone Willesden 2348 for Illustrated Catalogue describing the Vi-Spring Mattress, sent post free.

THE MARSHALL PATENT MATTRESS CO., LTD.
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The Norfolk Broads for Holidays

200 MILES OF SAFE INLAND WATERWAYS.

**NO LIMIT TO THE VARIETY
AND FREEDOM**

**A UNIQUE HOLIDAY
WITH 101
ALLURING POSSIBILITIES**

**CRUISE, SAIL, ROW OR WALK,
WHERE YOU WILL**

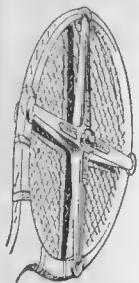


Details of over 500 Wherries, Yachts, Motor Cruisers, etc., for hire are included in "NORFOLK BROADS HOLIDAYS AFLOAT," 276 pages, price 6d. Blake's Norfolk Broads Bureau 19, Broadland House, 22, Newgate St., London, E.C., or through all Bookstalls.



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1. ATTRACTIVE BLOUSE in washing Satin beauté. Also Crêpe de Chine. Hand veining and pleated frill. Ivory, Flesh, Oyster Grey and shades of Beige. Price **5/9**
O.S. 4/- extra.

2. BLOUSE in heavy Crêpe de Chine Satin beauté, silk stitching to match. Ivory, Oyster, Flesh, shades of Beige and Grey. Price **69/6**
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3. BLOUSE in washing Satin beauté, adaptable collar, hand embroidered spots. Ivory, Oyster, Grey, Parchment, Beige. Price **29/6**
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4. SLEEVELESS BLOUSE in washing Satin Crêpe de Chine. Hand stitching on edge of revers. In Ivory Parchment, Oyster, Flesh, Beige, Grey. Price **29/6**
O.S. 4/- extra.

5. BLOUSE in washing Satin beauté. The small bows are stitched to Blouse with silk to match. In Ivory Flesh, Grey, Oyster, shades of Beige. Price **49/6**
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6. BLOUSE in printed Crêpe de Chine in a large variety of colours. Hand veining on neck. Revers and cuffs. Price **55/9**
Sizes 13 to 14½.

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Notes and News.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, know an ex-Service man who desperately needs any help you can give him. Before the War he was a salesman in the house-furnishing trade and rose to the position of assistant-manager. In August, 1914, he enlisted in the Hussars of the Line, later was transferred to the Cavalry Machine Gun Corps, and served overseas until 1918. He married and was discharged with an excellent character and went back to his old trade. Until 1922 he did well, when to his despair his hearing began to fail; he had to leave his firm, and working against heavy odds he travelled as a commission agent. Last April he had to give up the unequal fight for he was stone deaf, a malady which two doctors attributed to War service, but he could get no pension. His devoted wife resumed her work (for she was a trained nurse), but their savings rapidly diminished under the heavy cost of living. Poor fellow! he is an active-minded man, and lack of employment is telling on his nerves; he longs to find something to do. We have done everything possible, and have written to the British Legion, ex-Service-men's Welfare Society, etc., but all to no avail. Yet he is willing to take a low salary and has had experience in book-keeping, architectural drawing, supervision of workshops, and of course his own trade (furnishing). Have any of our readers any ideas of how we can next proceed, or do they know of any post that would suit him? Meanwhile we plead for £12 to ease their financial strain.



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A brave woman who is undismayed by difficulties. Having passed through the School of Massage and Medical Electricity at the National Institute for the Blind in Great Portland Street, W., she has now started her own private clinic in London

* * *

The comforting effects of massage have long been known to every Rugger man with an injured knee, but its scientific employment in the treatment of disease and injury is a modern development. As the science developed, it was soon recognized as an ideal profession for the educated blind. The National Institute for the Blind equipped a thoroughly modern school in which they might be trained. It is recognized by the Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics, and approved by the Board of Education. This occupies part of the Institute's headquarter buildings in Great Portland Street. Since

1914, when the Institute was officially opened by the King and Queen, 210 students have been trained in its massage school. Most of these are now in private practice or in hospitals both abroad and in this country.

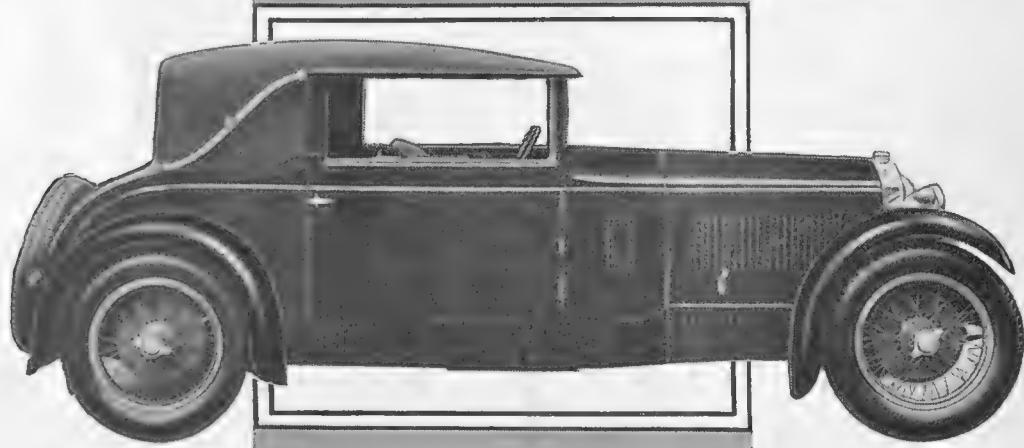
The Sports Ball, organized by the Women's Automobile and Sports Association is being held at the May Fair Hotel on Thursday, May 1. The Embassy Band will be in attendance and there will be dancing from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Lady Segrave is president of the ball and Lady Bowden is chairman. A boxing match is being arranged by Harry Preston for Lady Bowden, also a motor cabaret and a parade of sports models. Every ticket entitles the holder to the chance of winning the first prize, a Raleigh motor-cycle, or one of the valuable prizes. Tickets from the Organizing Secretary, The Sports Ball, 7, St. James Street, S.W.1.



AT THE HOLDERNESS POINT-TO-POINT

Some further snapshots of which appear on an earlier page. In this group are Colonel and Mrs. Philip Langdale and Captain T. L. Wickham-Boynton, who hunts the Middleton East country, and was one of the judges at the meeting.

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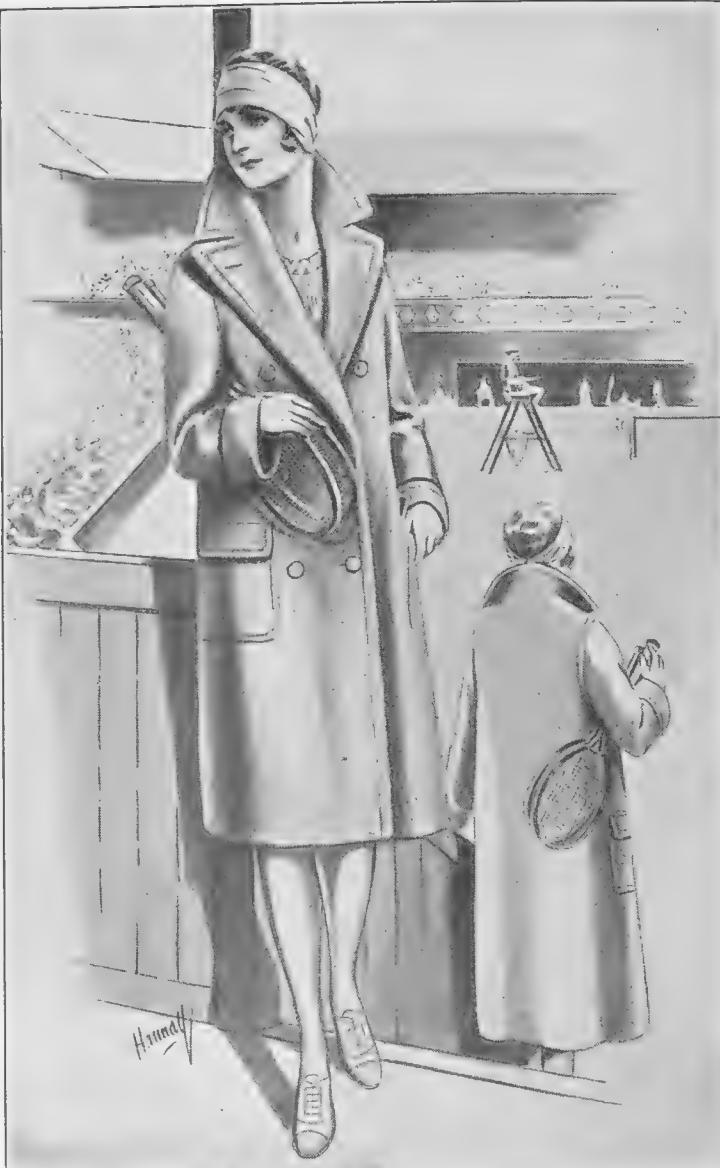
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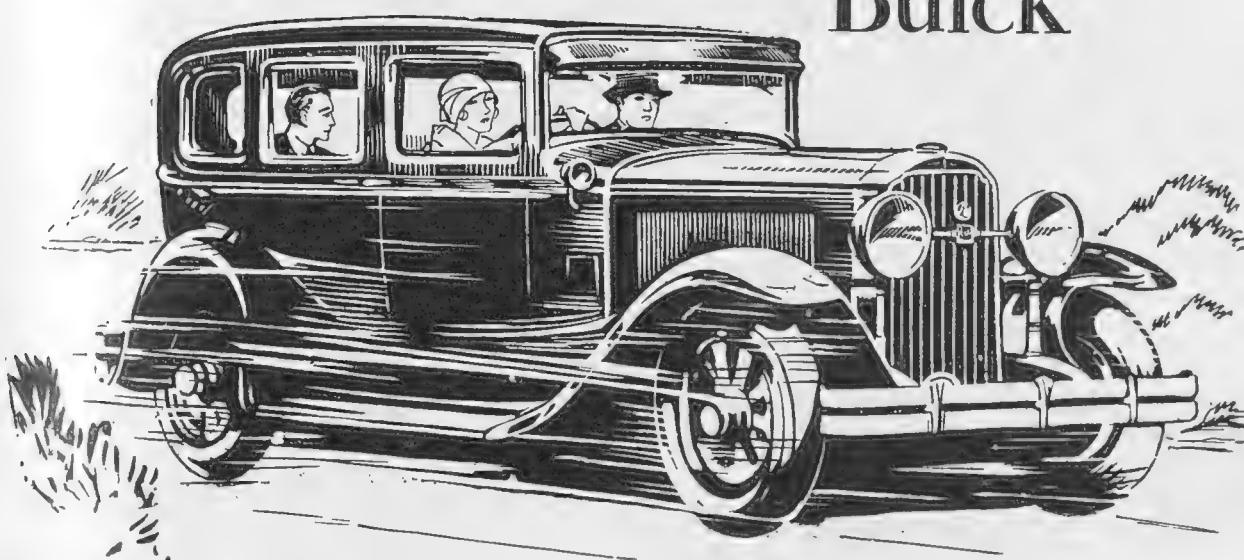


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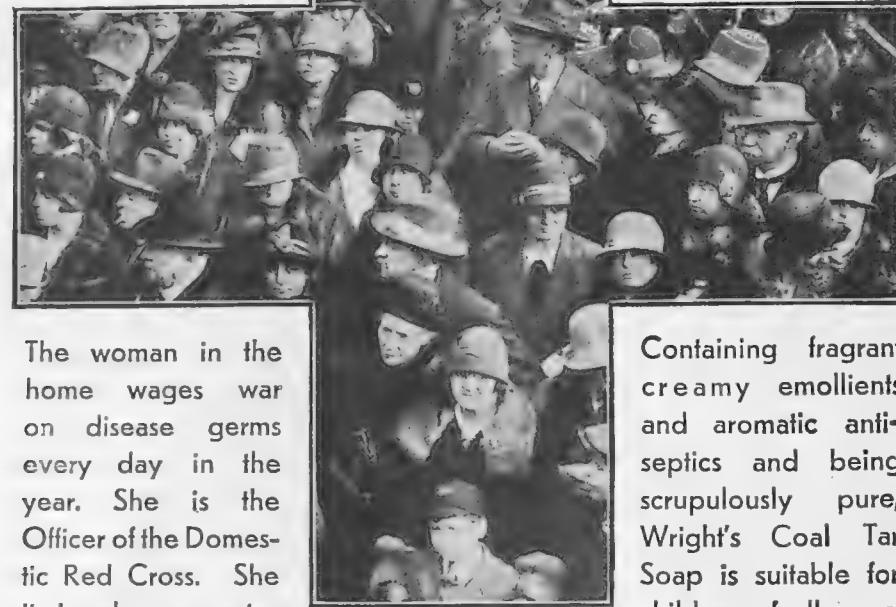
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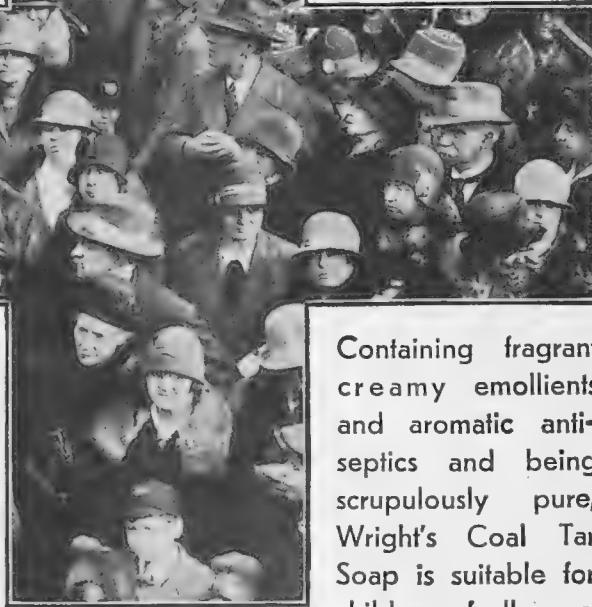
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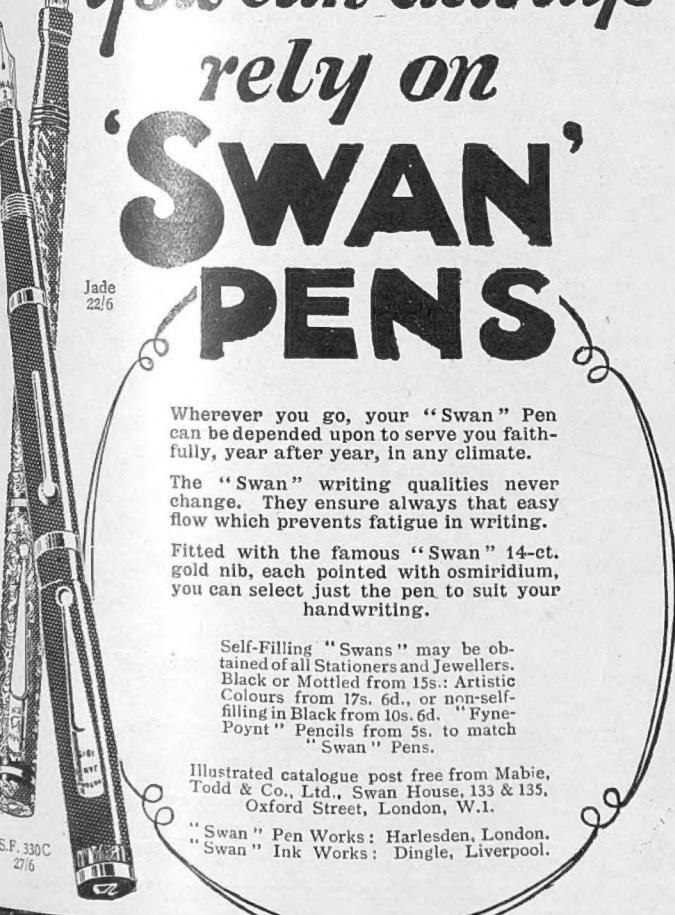
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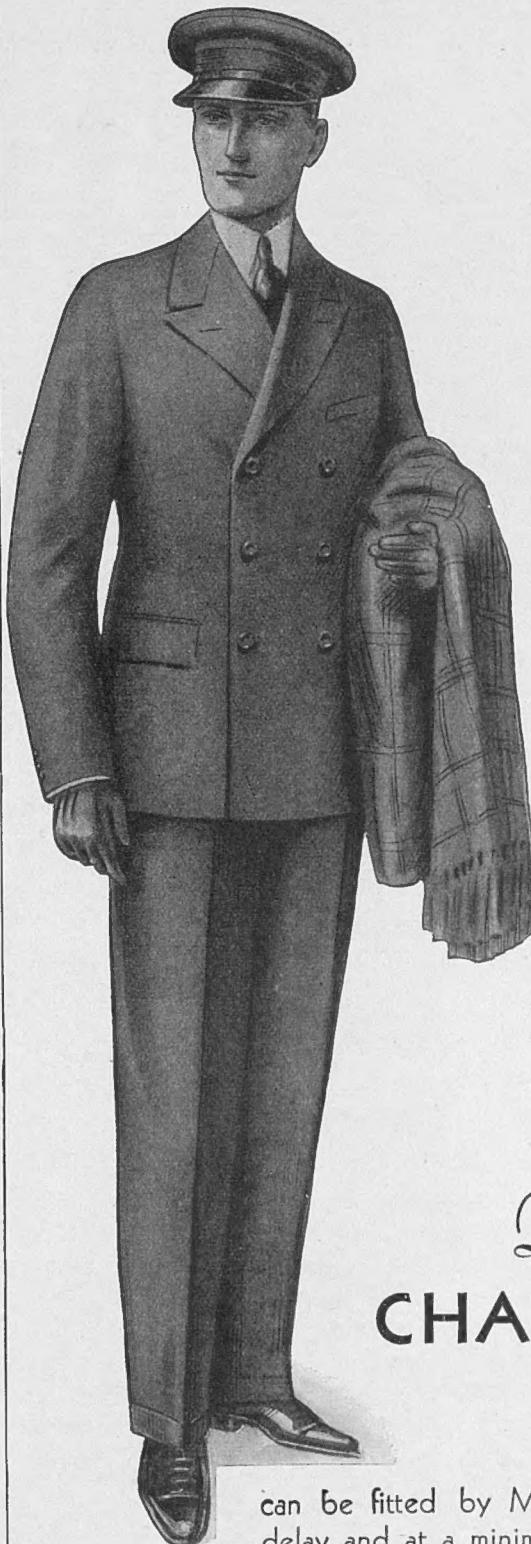
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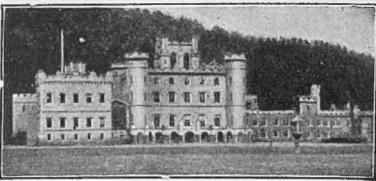
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